

JANUARY

NO. 20

10¢

# CRACK COMICS

ABOVE THE CITY THE BLACK CONDOR CARRIES  
THE SCREAMING HINDU....RELEASE MEANS  
UGLY, INSTANT  
DEATH.....



THE CLOCK



SPITFIRE



MOLLY THE MODEL



ALIAS THE SPIDER







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



The

# BLACK CONDOR

By Louis  
K. Fine,

ACTING THE STRANGE DUAL ROLE OF A DEAD U.S. SENATOR AND ALSO HIS OWN WINGED PERSON, THE BLACK CONDOR'S DOUBLE IDENTITY IS KNOWN ONLY TO HIS FRIEND, DR. FOSTER. EVEN HIS FIANCEE, WENDY FOSTER, DOES NOT SUSPECT.

IN THE PERSON OF THE DEAD SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, THE BLACK CONDOR REACHES FROM A TAXI BEFORE THE WAR DEPARTMENT....

THEN, AS WENDY AND DR. FOSTER ALSO PEER AT THE HEADLINES...

PAPER, BOY!!

WAR OFFICE ROBBED?? AND SEVERAL CLERKS HAVE LATELY SUFFERED FROM LOSS OF MEMORY..

LOSS OF MEMORY? THAT'S STRANGE! DO YOU THINK SOME UNNATURAL FORCE IS...

WAR OFFICE VAULT  
ROBBED OF DOCS  
F.B.I. BAFLE



THE CAR IS HALTED IN TRAFFIC..



AS TOM AND WENDY TAKE IN A SHOW



INSIDE THE THEATER...







GOTTA GET THIS MUG OUTA THE WAY NOW...

THE SENATOR'S LIMP FORM IS PUSHED INTO A PACKING BOX....



SOON AFTER.....

ABOUT TIME... ISN'T IT, HARRY?

TWO MINUTES!

WHILE INSIDE A LARGE NEARBY DEPARTMENT STORE... MANIKINS STAND MUTELY...



SUDDENLY THEY SPRING TO LIFE...



OKAY, BOYS!! WE GET THE WATCHMAN FIRST!

GUNS ARE DRAWN AND THERE IS MUFFLED ACTIVITY...



AH..THIS IS ONE WATCHMAN WHOSE WATCHING IS OVER FOR TONIGHT!



EASY, GRAN'PA! NOT A PEEP OUTA YOU OR....

S.. SAY....





AS SEVERAL OF THE MEN WORK  
TO OPEN THE STORE'S VAULT...

WHAT A CINCH! I  
COULD OPEN THIS WITH  
ME EYES SHUT!

WELL...  
DO IT!!



BEHIND THE STORE THE  
SEDAN IS LOADED WITH FURS

AN' WE GOT  
THEIR PAYROLL,  
BOSS... OVER  
TWO HUNDRED  
GRAND!!

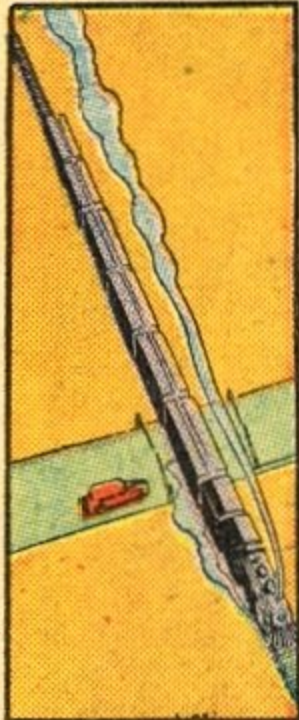
NICE  
GOIN'!



OKAY... ALL SET?  
LET'S SCRAM!



WHILE ON A  
FAST-MOVING  
TRAIN...



THE STUNNED SENATOR  
WRIGHT STIRS TO LIFE..

WOW! MY HEAD IS  
LIKE A BALLOON... AND  
THIS CRATE DOESN'T  
HELP MY COMFORT!



GOT TO GET OUT  
OF THIS WOODEN  
KIMONA... SO...



THESE BABIES ARE NO  
LONGER DEALING WITH TOM  
WRIGHT.. BUT THE BLACK  
CONDOR!



LIKE FLIMSY PAPER THE BOX  
GIVES WAY AS THE FLYING-MAN  
BURSTS FORTH..



THIS  
"SHIPMENT"  
WILL  
BACKFIRE!

HMM.. WE'RE IN THE  
SHOW BUSINESS.. MAYBE  
I CAN BE ANOTHER ACTOR  
IN THIS LITTLE DRAMA!



FREIGHT CAR DOORS ONLY  
LOOK STRONG... BUT THIS  
RAY PISTOL SOFTENS 'EM...







THAT SPEEDING TRAIN  
MADE A GOOD TAKE-  
OFF SPOT!



MEANWHILE..THE CROOKED  
JASPAR CROW AND MYSTO  
THE MAGICIAN LEAVE A  
PLANE AT LA GUARDIA  
FIELD, NEW YORK..

EVERYTHING  
SET AT THE  
BANK, MYSTO  
?

YES..  
FOR 1 A.M.!  
RIGHT  
AFTER  
MY ACT  
CLOSES!



MYSTO IS GOOD. THIS  
THEATRE IS SOLD OUT.. WE  
CAN'T GET A TICKET!!

AS THE HINDU COMES TO THE  
CLOSING OF HIS ACT....

FROM A HAT A SWARM OF PIGEONS ARE SENT WINGING OVER THE  
AUDIENCE... FLYING AMONG THEM IS THE **BLACK CONDOR**.....



.. AND NOW, MY FINAL  
WONDER FEAT... WATCH  
CLOSELY...



LOOK!!

HE'S  
LIKE A  
BIRD!!

IT'S A  
MAN!!  
FLYING!!!

W..WHAT  
??!!



WHAT THING  
ARE YOU?!!  
DON'T TOUCH  
ME! DON'T  
TOUCH ME!

I'LL MAKE  
YOU DISA-  
PEAR NOW,  
MYSTO!



HA! HA! WE'VE GIVEN  
THAT AUDIENCE A  
SHOW THEY WON'T  
FORGET, EH,  
FAKIR?

HELP!



NOW.. WHERE'S THAT  
OTHER CROOK JASPAR  
CROW?.. OR SHALL I  
JUST DROP YOU?

NO! NO!!  
HE'S  
AT THE  
REGENT  
HOTEL!





THE BLACK CONDOR, NOW AS SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, HURRIES TOWARD CROW'S ROOM....





CROW'S CAB GRINDS TO A STOP  
AT THE WATERFRONT...

HURRY, YOU GUYS! WE'VE  
ONLY GOT A MATTER OF  
MINUTES!



TOM WRIGHT ROARS TO A HALT...

THEY'RE GONE.. BUT WHERE?  
THE WHARF IS DESERTED...



HMM.. SOUNDS LIKE A MOTOR-  
BOAT... BUT NO BOAT IN SIGHT  
IN THIS HARBOR...



THAT BIG SEWER OUTLET!!  
THAT MIGHT TELL ME  
SOMETHING!



AGAIN THE MILD SENATOR WRIGHT  
BECOMES THE DREADED BLACK  
CONDOR....

I SEEM TO SMELL TROUBLE  
ALREADY...



AND FAR AHEAD IN THE SEWER  
TUNNEL, CROW AND MYSTO ROAR  
ALONG IN A MOTORBOAT....

ARE YOU SURE YOU  
PUT THAT BANK GUARD  
UNDER THE SPELL,  
MYSTO...

THE  
GREAT  
MYSTO  
NEVER  
FAILS,  
JASPAR!



INSIDE NEW YORK'S GREATEST BANK,  
A UNIFORMED MAN USES A TORCH....



THIS GRILL WAS SOFTER THAN  
I THOUGHT... BUT I GOTTA  
GO EASY WITH THESE HERE  
EXPLOSIVES!



A DISTANT BLAST ROCKS THE  
TUNNELS....

AN EXPLOSION! AHEAD...  
THINGS ARE GETTING WARM!





WHAT'S THIS?! WHY, I'M RIGHT UNDER THE NEW YORK EXCHANGE BANK! SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT...



THEN, BLASTING UP THROUGH A MANHOLE COVER TO THE STREET COMES THE BLACK CONDOR

SORRY TO FRIGHTEN THE GOOD CITIZENS, BUT...



I'LL JUST SWOOP DOWN AND BLAST THAT BANK ALARM WITH MY RAY PISTOL...



THE ALARM GOES OFF WITH A WILD, INSISTANT CLAMOR..



IT'S THE EXCHANGE BANK! IMAGINE MUGS NERVY ENOUGH T'THINK THEY CAN TAP THAT VAULT!



NOT HEARING THE ALARM, CROW AND HIS MEN LOAD MILLIONS IN GOLD INTO THEIR BOAT....

THAT'S ALL.. YOU GO GET OUR BANK GUARD, MYSTO...



QUICK, FELLOW... COME! WE'RE GETTING AWAY!

STOP! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



YOU POLICE STOP! I COMMAND YOU!



AND IN GROTESQUE RUNNING POSES THE POLICE FREEZE TO THE SPOT....



THE BOAT'S GONE...COME, GUARD... WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT!



AS CROW'S BOAT SPEEDS OUT FROM THE SEWER OPENING THE BLACK CONDOR IS PERCHED ABOVE..



HA! THEY SEE THE POLICE THAT I HAD STATIONED THERE... WELL, THEY'RE TAKEN CARE OF!



VERY QUIET AROUND THIS FRONT OF THE BANK!!



AS THE BLACK CONDOR ENTERS HE SEES THE STATUE-LIKE POLICEMEN....



SOON AFTER....

AH..THERE GOES MY PAL MYSTO.. HEADING FOR THAT PIER!



UP WE GO! FOR YOUR SECOND FLYING LESSON, MYSTO.. AND MAYBE YOUR LAST!!



SPARE ME! SPARE ME! I DID NOTHING!

HERE!! I'LL DROP YOU DOWN IN THAT WATER RIGHT BESIDE THOSE NICE POLICEMEN!!!



ONCE AGAIN AS SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, THE BLACK CONDOR SCANS NEWS HEADLINES...

READ ALL ABOUT IT!! MYSTO DROPS OUT OF SKY INTO HANDS OF POLICE! READ IT!!



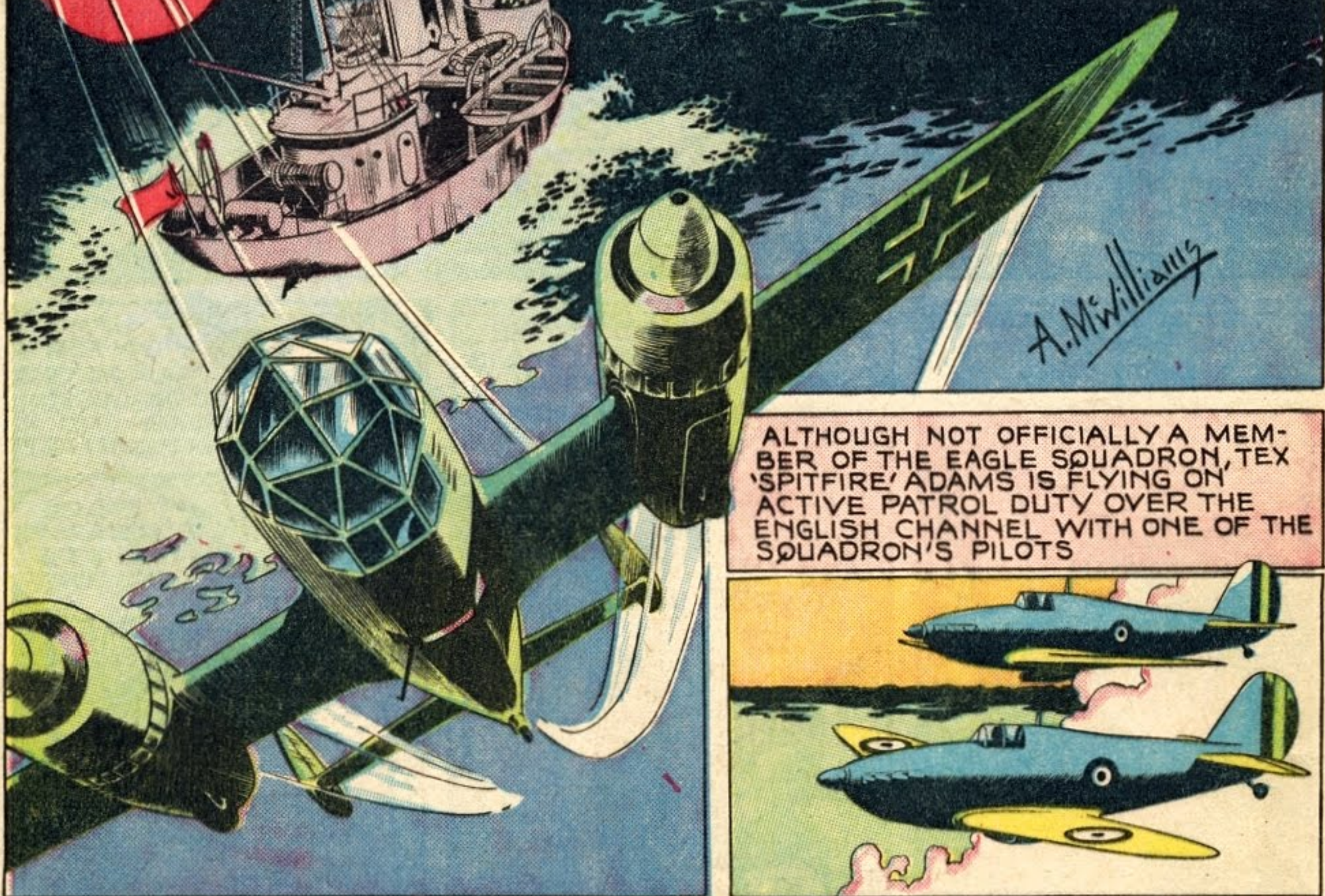
SORRY ABOUT LEAVING YOU IN THE THEATER, WENDY... I WAS KIDNAPPED BY MYSTO AND CROW..

YES DEAR.. I READ OF MYSTO... HE HYPNOTIZED PEOPLE AND MADE CROOKED MANIKINS OF THEM.. BUT THE BLACK CONDOR FIXED HIM!

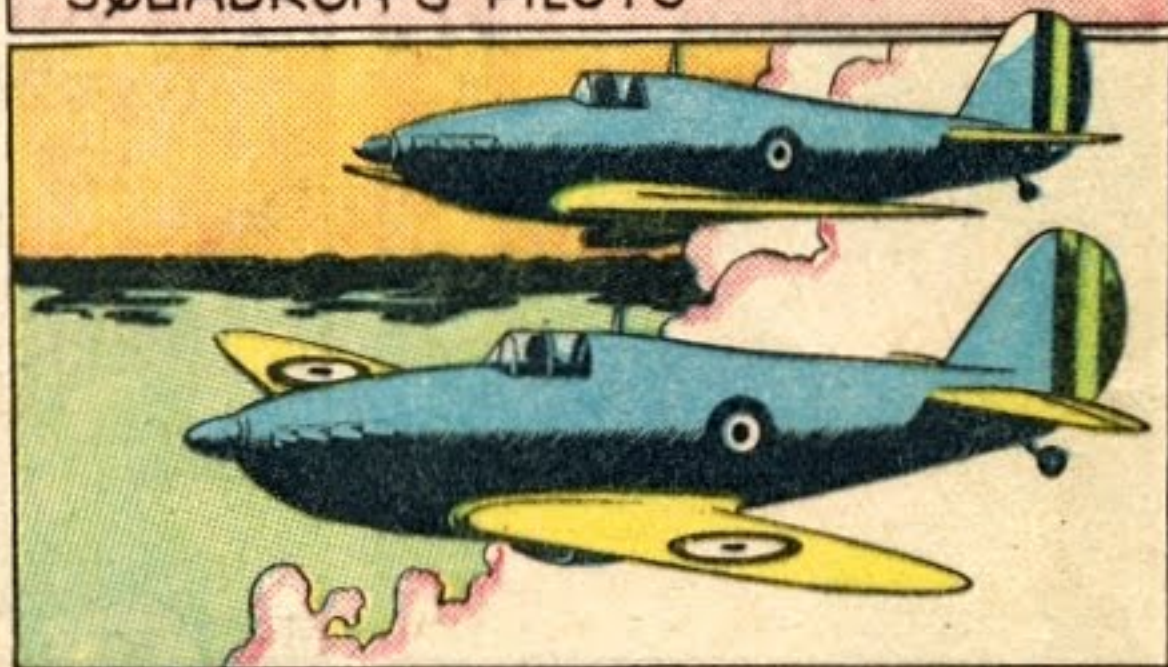




# SPITFIRE



ALTHOUGH NOT OFFICIALLY A MEMBER OF THE EAGLE SQUADRON, TEX 'SPITFIRE' ADAMS IS FLYING ON ACTIVE PATROL DUTY OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL WITH ONE OF THE SQUADRON'S PILOTS



IT'S SO PEACEFUL UP HERE THAT IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THERE'S A WAR GOING ON



HM-M... THERE'S A TRAWLER DOWN BELOW... THOSE FELLOWS HAVE A TOUGH JOB

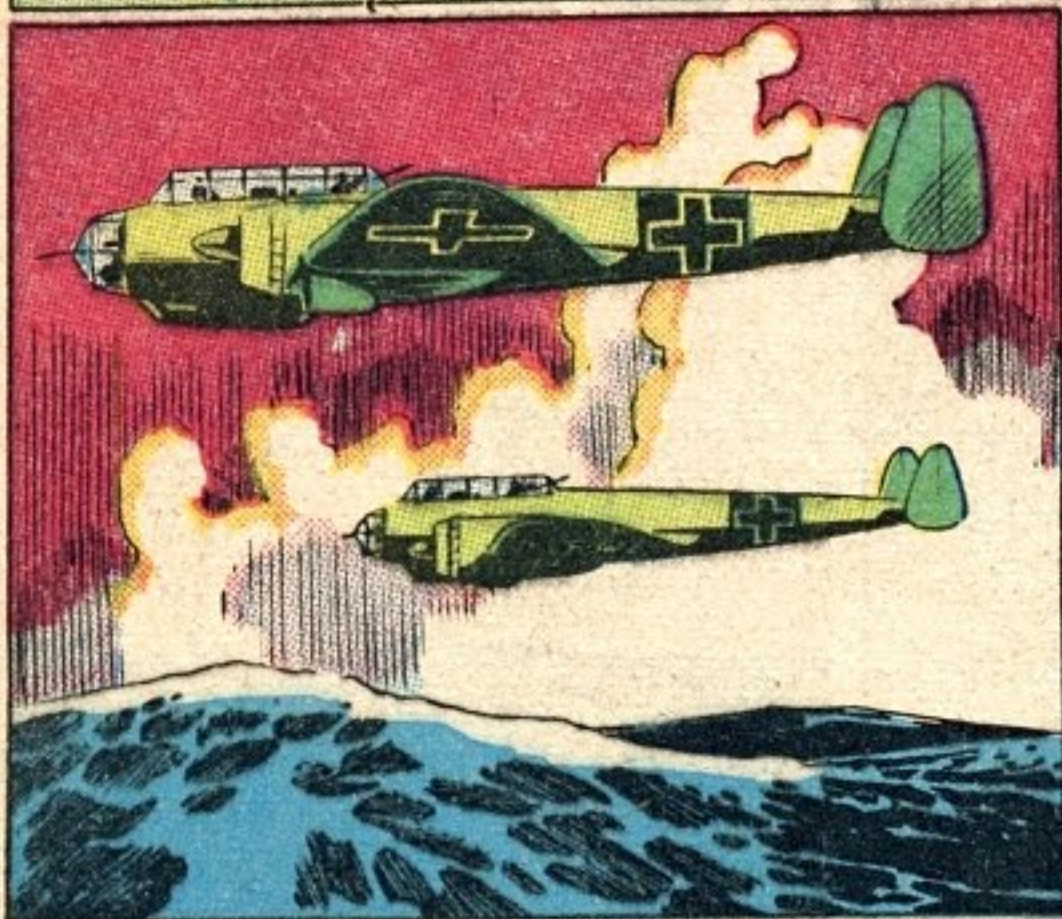


OH, OH... I WONDER IF JIM LAWRENCE, IN THE OTHER PLANE, SEES WHAT I SEE...!!



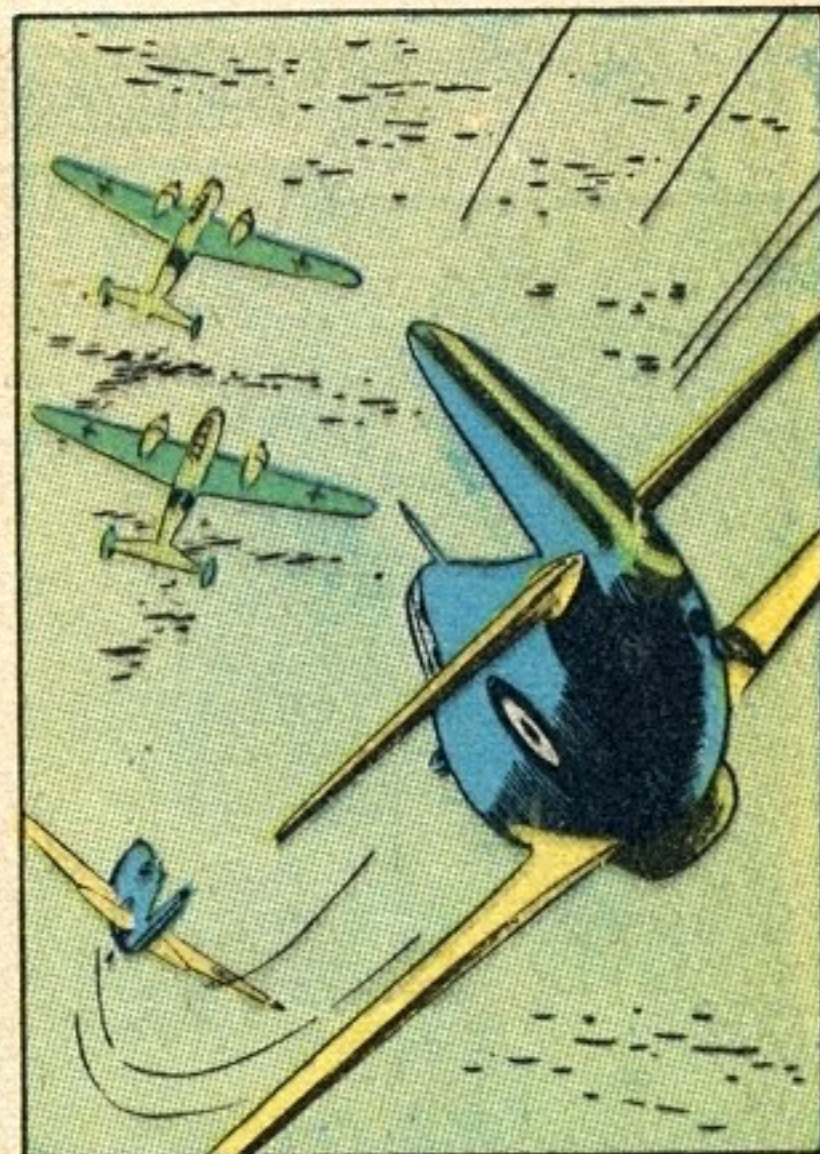


TWO GERMAN DORNIERS ARE HURTLING ALONG, JUST SKIMMING THE WAVE TOPS... BENT ON ATTACKING THE CLUMSY TRAWLER



--AND JIM LAWRENCE SEES THEM TOO----

I SAY, TEX, THOSE JERRY BLIGHTERS DON'T SEE US OR THEY WOULDN'T BE PLAYING WITH THAT TRAWLER... LET'S GO DOWN AND SURPRISE 'EM



AS HE GOES INTO THE DIVE, TEX SEES A STRANGE THING --

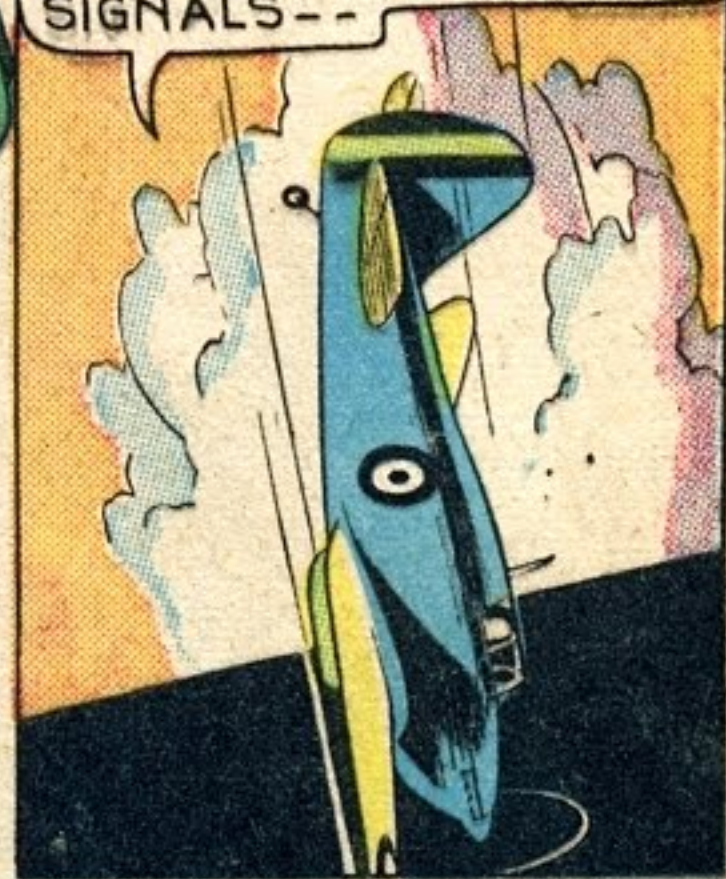
THAT'S FUNNY-- SOMEONE'S FLASHING SIGNALS FROM THE BRIDGE OF THE SHIP...!!



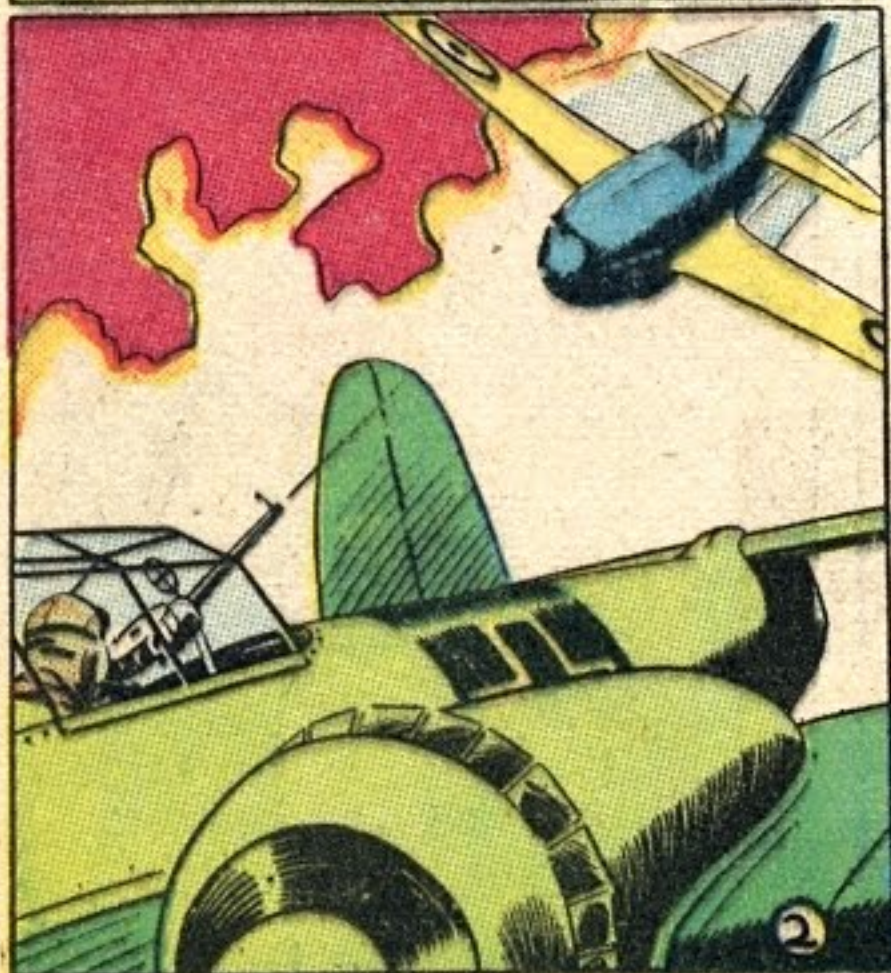
JUST AS THE TWO NAZI PLANES ARE ABOUT TO OPEN THEIR ATTACK, AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE MYSTERIOUS SIGNALS, THEY BANK AWAY FROM THE TRAWLER WITHOUT SHOOTING



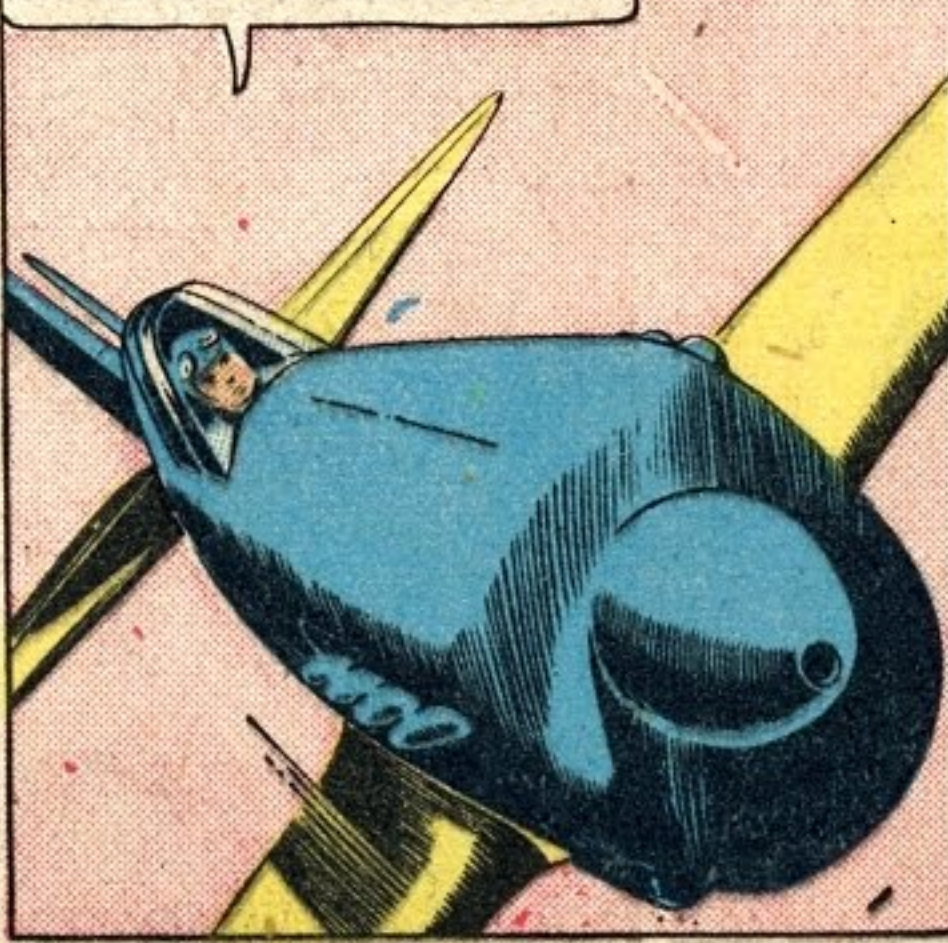
--PERHAPS THEY ABANDONED THEIR ATTACK BECAUSE THEY SAW US COMING... WONDER IF LAWRENCE SAW THOSE SIGNALS --



BUT TEX'S COMPANION IS CLOSING IN ON THE FLEEING DORNIERS



WE HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF ALTITUDE, SO... NOW WHAT'S WRONG? -- THIS MOTOR'S HEATING UP LIKE A STOVE ---!!

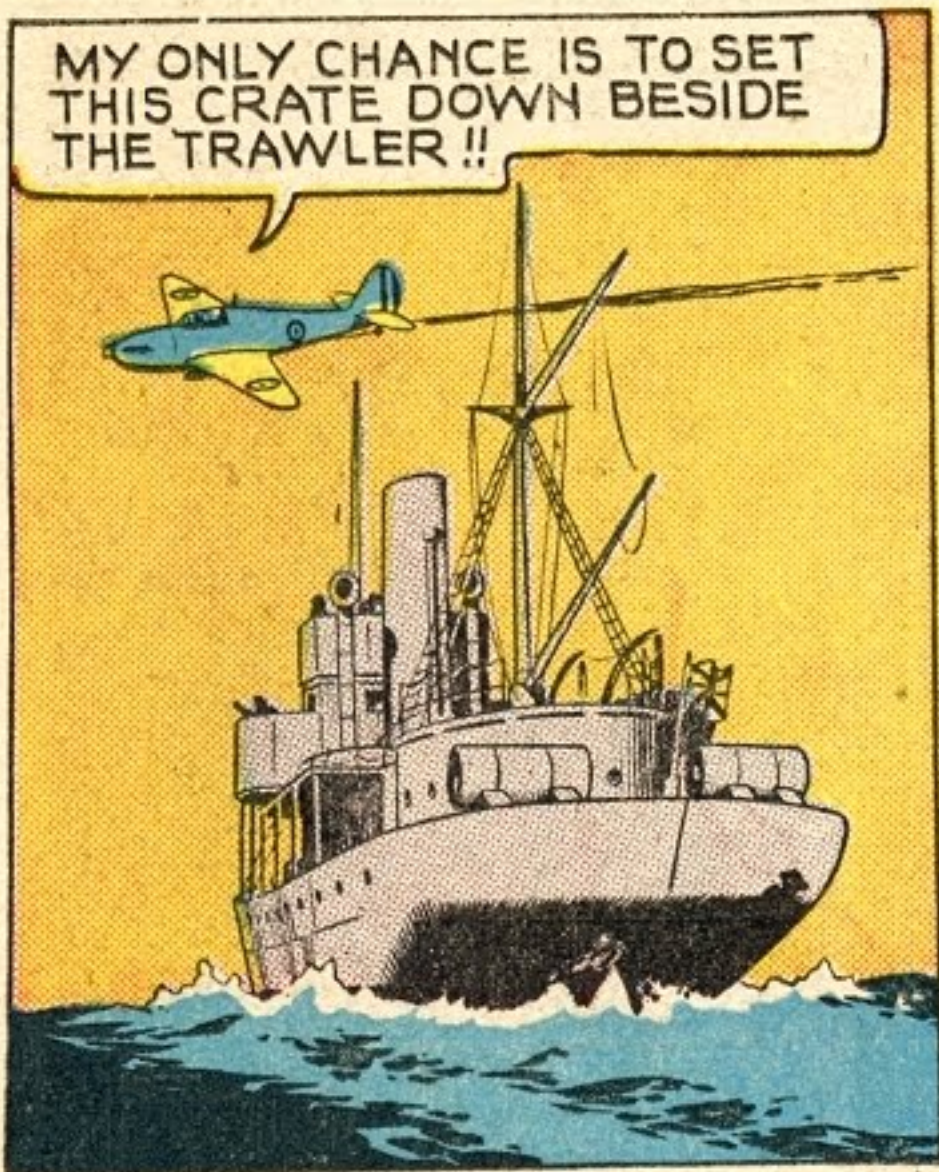


SOMETHING'S GONE HAYWIRE IN THE COOLING SYSTEM!! -- I'LL NEVER MAKE IT BACK TO LAND

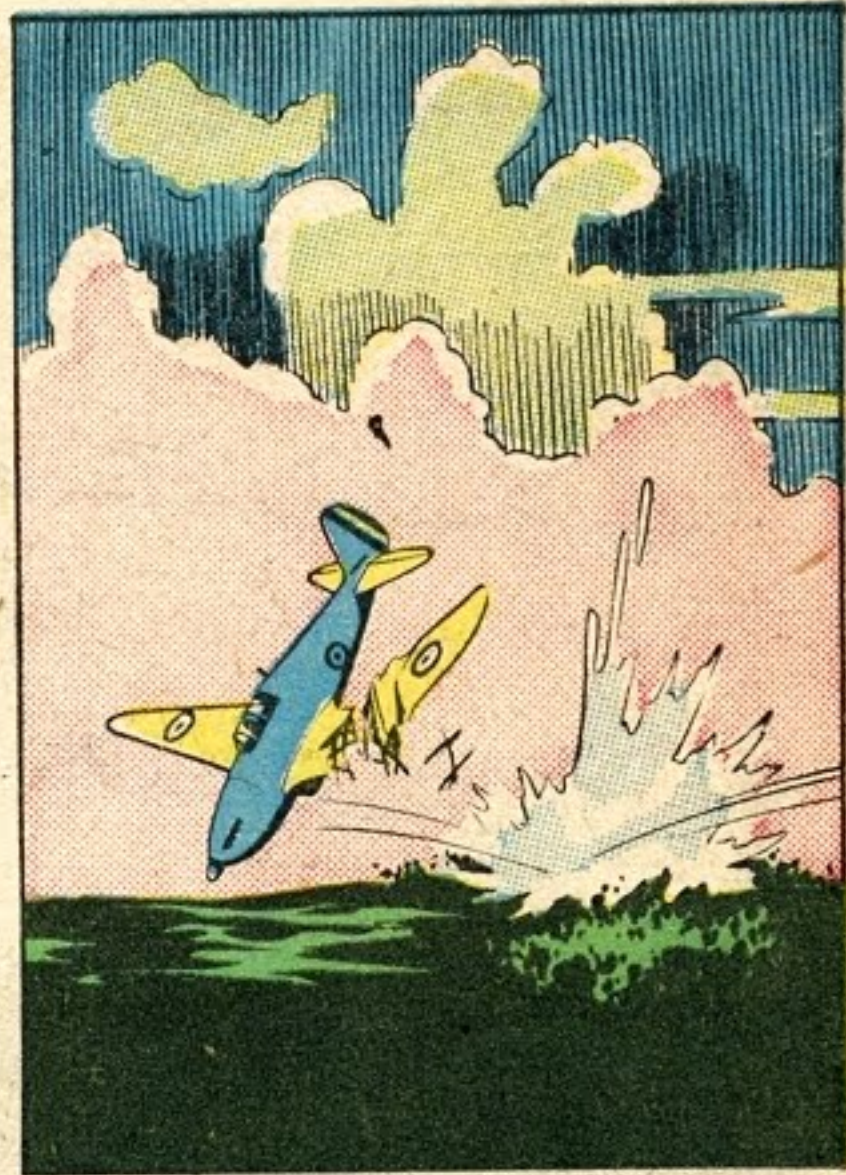
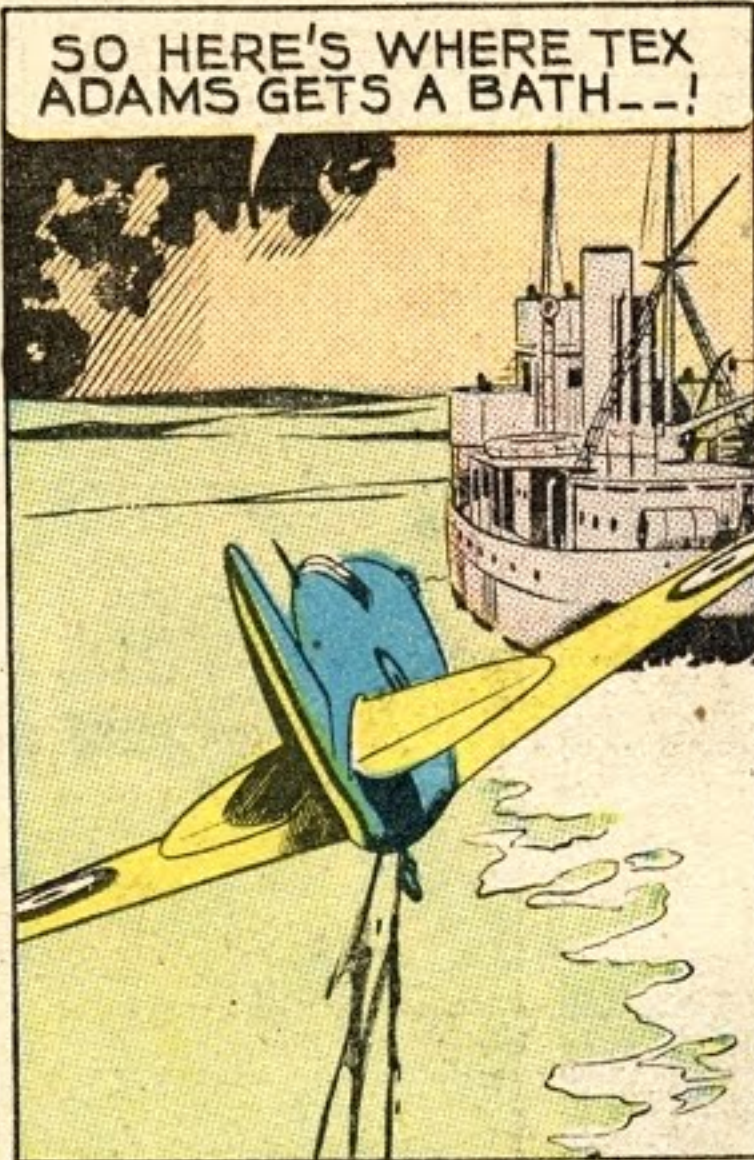




MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO SET  
THIS CRATE DOWN BESIDE  
THE TRAWLER !!



SO HERE'S WHERE TEX  
ADAMS GETS A BATH...!



AHOY, TRAWLER!  
THROW ME A  
LINE !!



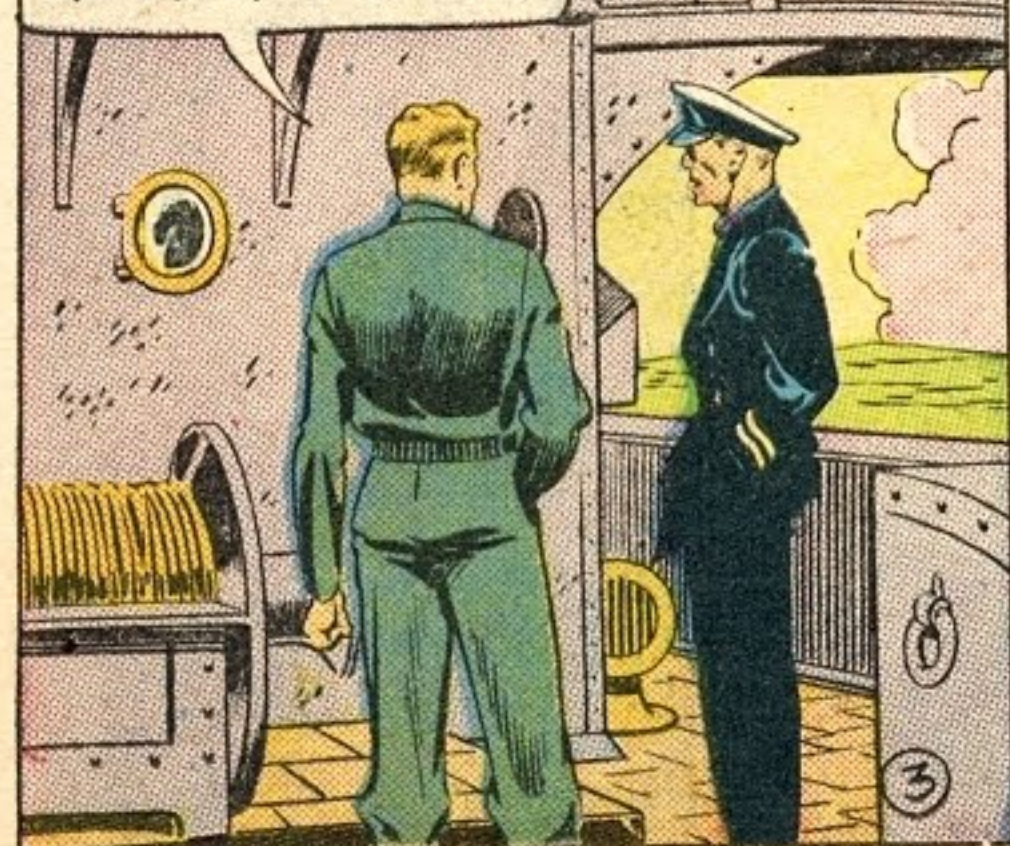
I'M THE  
SKIPPER OF  
THIS SHIP...  
DO YOU NEED  
ANY MEDICAL  
AID? THAT  
WAS A NASTY  
CRASH!

NO, I'M  
OKAY,  
CAPTAIN...  
MY NAME'S  
ADAMS



WHAT PORT ARE  
YOU PUTTING IN  
AT, SKIPPER?  
WONDERED IF  
IT'LL BE NEAR MY  
SQUADRON'S FIELD

I'M AFRAID  
YOU'RE DUE  
FOR A SHOCK  
ADAMS !!



YOU ARE NOW A  
PRISONER OF WAR...!!  
YOU SEE, THIS IS A  
GERMAN SHIP...WE  
CAPTURED IT A FEW  
WEEKS AGO WHEN IT  
USED TO BE AN ENGLISH  
TRAWLER



---SO I WASN'T IMAGINING  
THINGS WHEN I SAW  
THOSE SIGNALS







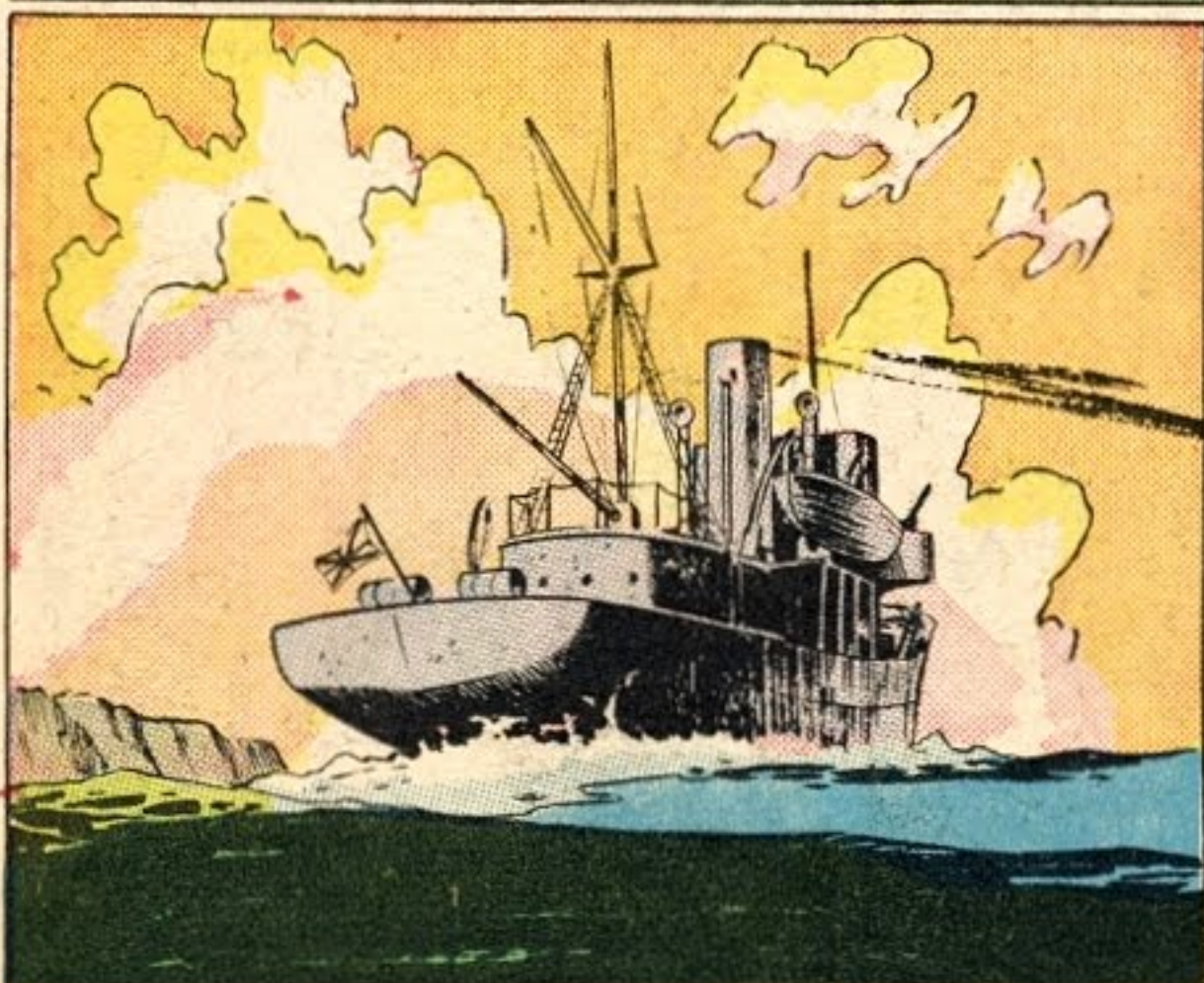
BUT YOU'RE FLYING  
THE BRITISH FLAG,  
CAPTAIN

NATURALLY...TO ENABLE  
US TO CARRY OUT OUR  
PLANS UNMOLESTED...  
--TO RECORD THE  
ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE  
OF ENGLISH CONVOYS !!



YOU MAY STAY ON  
DECK, ADAMS... BUT  
REMEMBER, YOU'RE A  
PRISONER AND WILL  
BE CLOSELY WATCHED!

**LATER** THE TRAWLER CRUISES SLOWLY  
DOWN THE ENGLISH COAST---



BLAST IT---I'M  
STUCK ON THIS  
TUB AN' THERE'S  
NOTHING I CAN  
DO ABOUT IT---



BRITISH TORPEDO  
BOATS COMING UP, SIR--  
TWO POINTS OFF  
PORT BOVY---!!

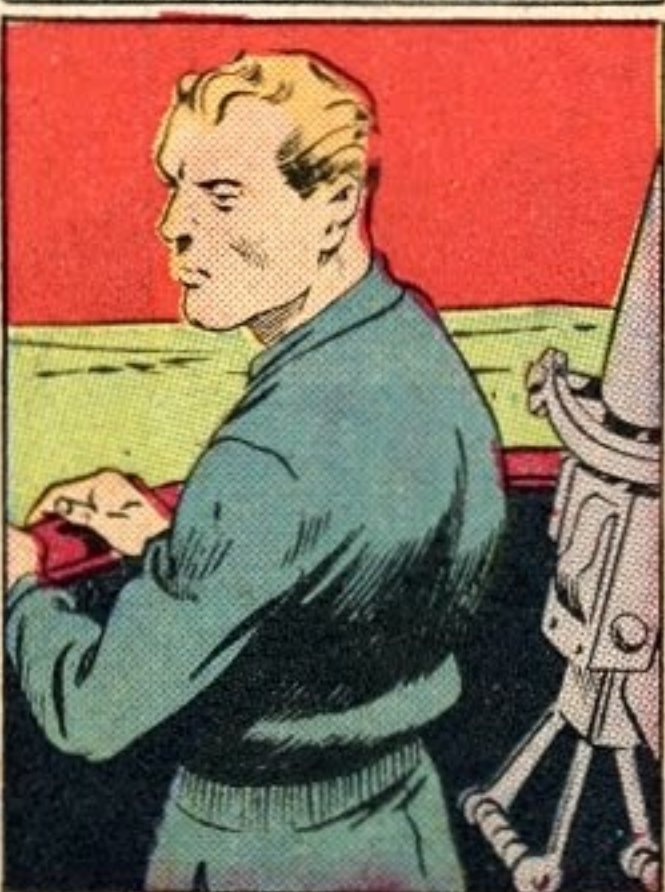


ALL EYES ON THE TRAWLER'S  
BRIDGE WATCH THE ONCOMING  
SPEED BOATS---

HEH, HEH--IF THOSE  
BOATS ONLY KNEW  
WHAT THEY WERE  
PASSING---



TEX, IN DESPERATION,  
DECIDES ON A WILD  
PLAN--- HE EDGES  
OUT ON THE BRIDGE  
WING

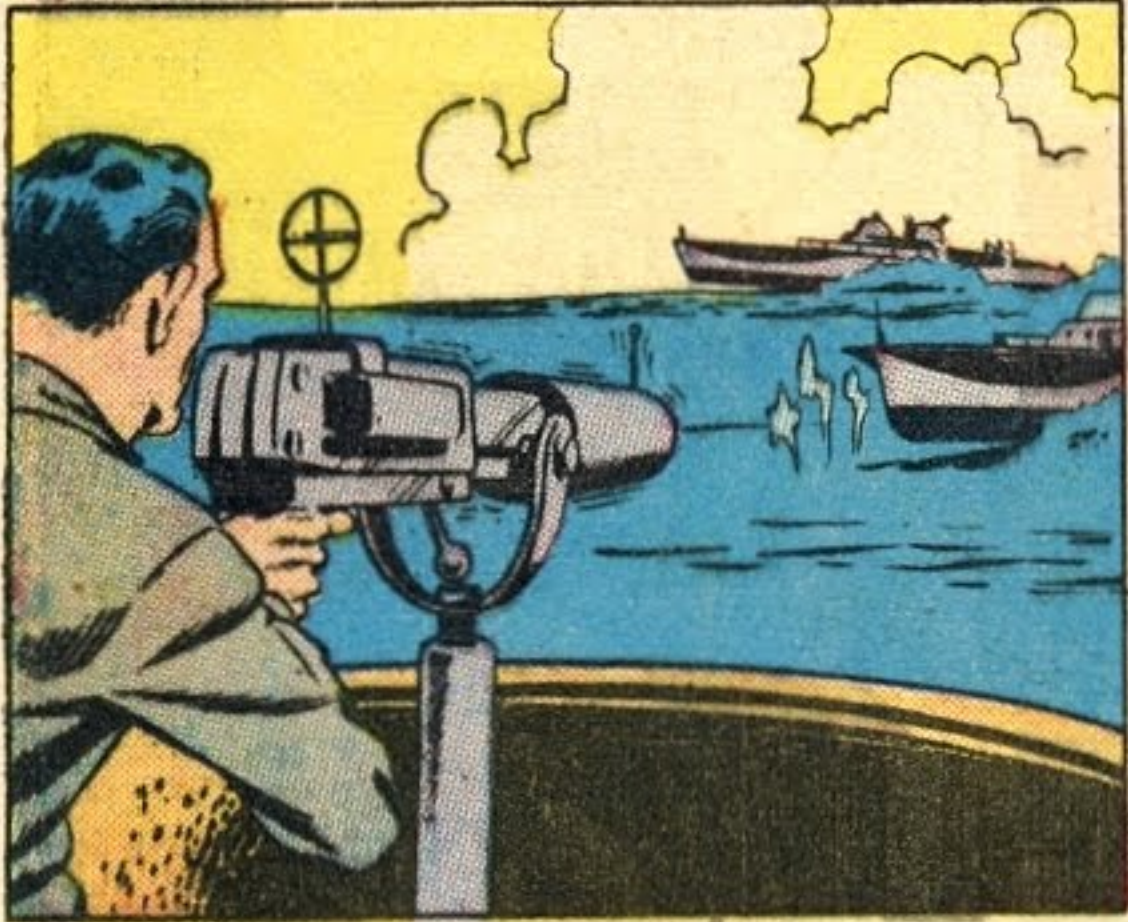


ADAMS, WHAT  
ARE --- ACH!  
GET AWAY FROM  
THAT GUN---





TEX LEAPS TO THE MACHINE-GUN AND PUTS A HURRIED BURST OF BULLETS ACROSS THE BOW OF THE NEAREST TORPEDO BOAT---



--THE GERMAN CAPTAIN'S BULLET CLIPS TEX'S EAR AS HE SPINS THE HEAVY GUN AROUND--!!



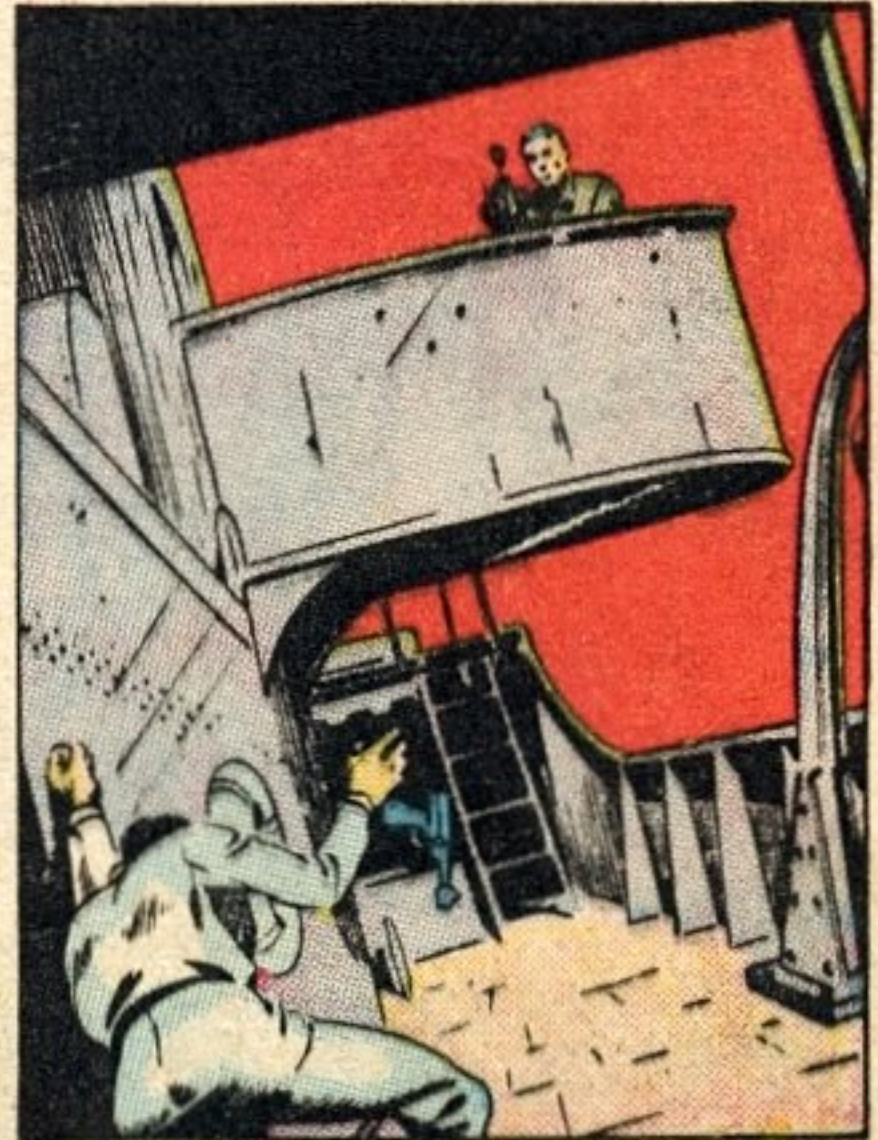
DU LIEBER! -- HE'S FIRING AT THE WHEELHOUSE -- !!  
AH-H-H-H-H



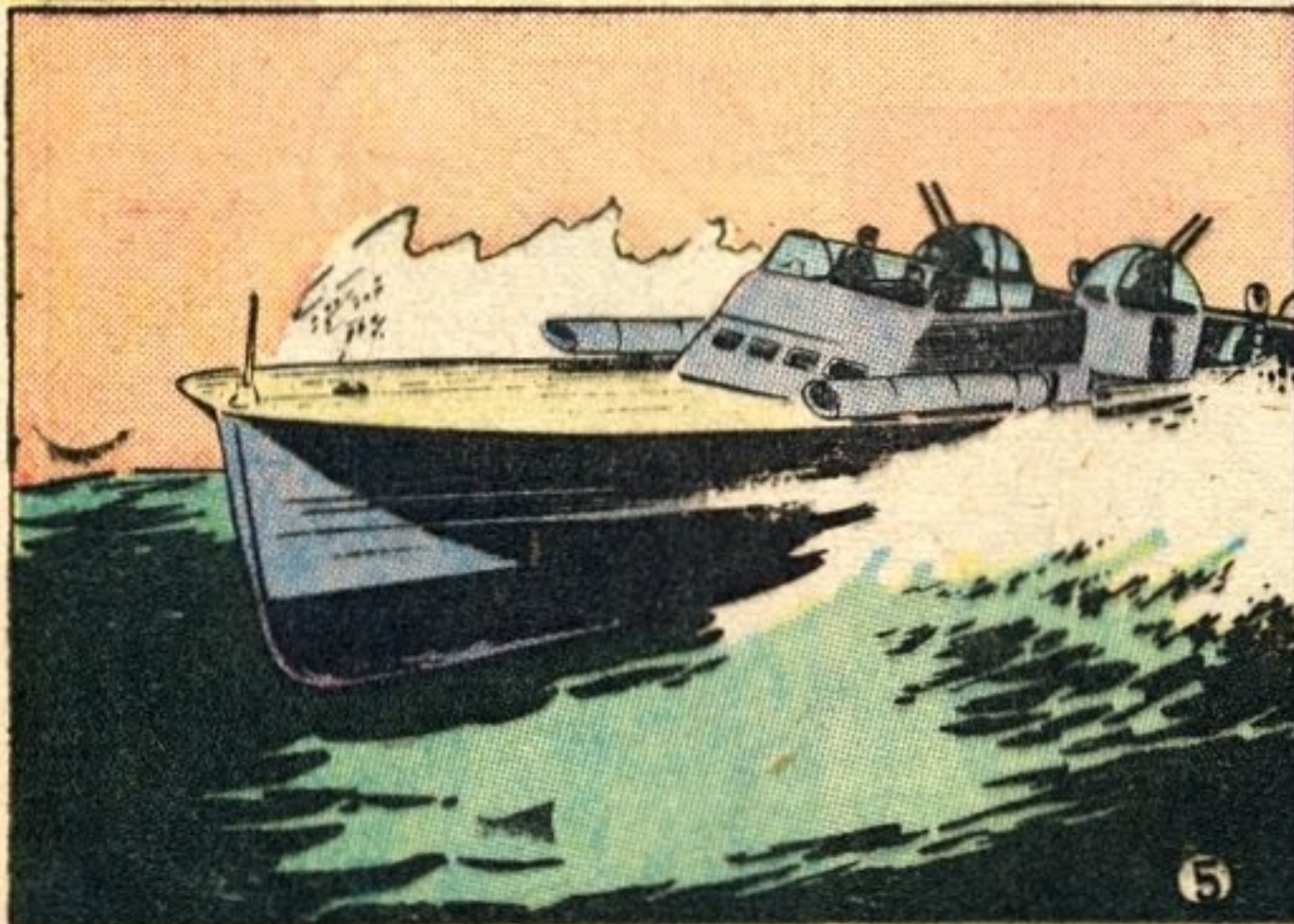
THE STREAM OF BULLETS RAKES THE BRIDGE UNTIL IT'S REDUCED TO A SHAMBLES---



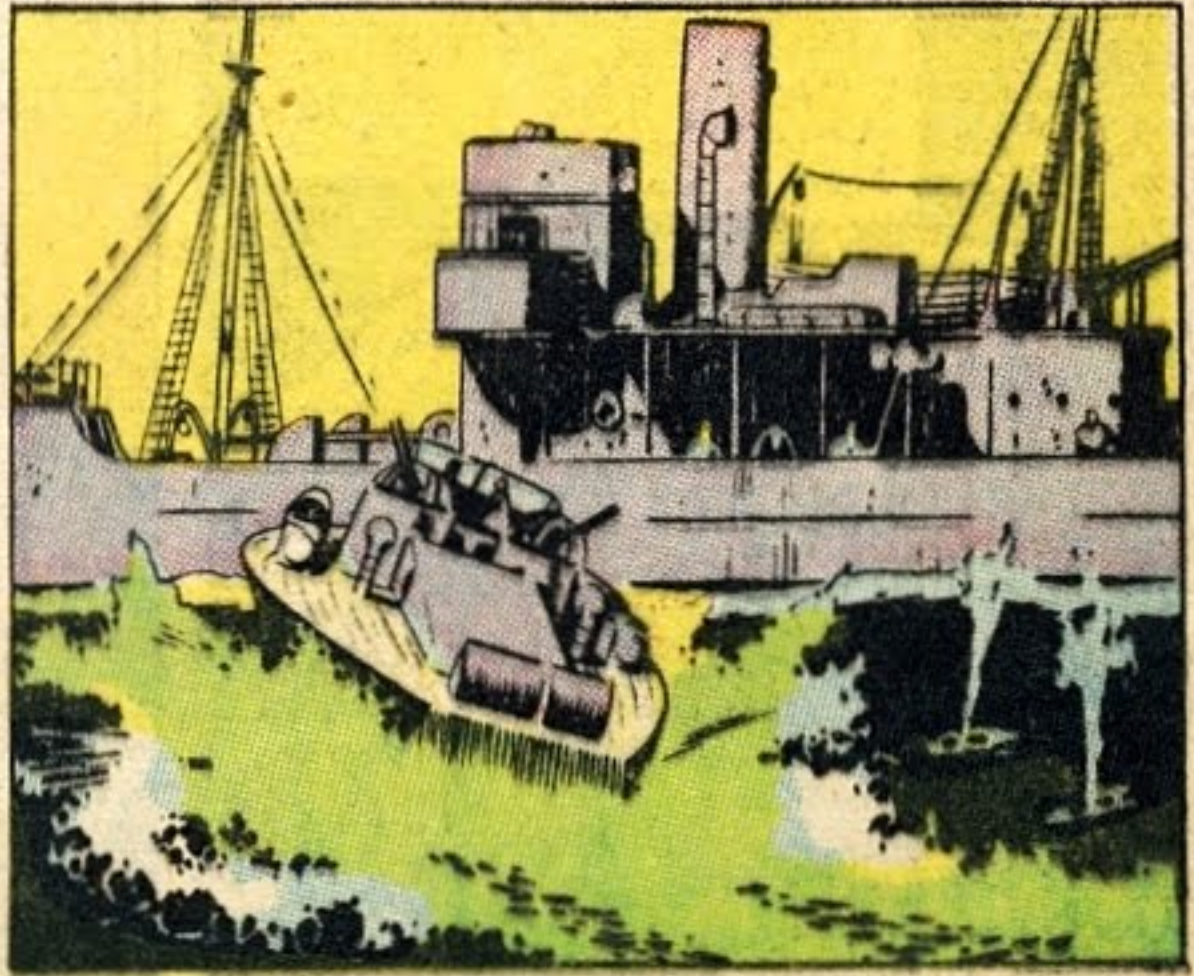
OH, OH -- THEY'RE FIRING AT ME FROM THE DECK -- I'LL CLEAN THAT BUNCH OUT----



MEANWHILE, THE TORPEDO BOATS, REALIZING SOMETHING IS WRONG, CLOSE IN RAPIDLY ON THE TRAWLER---

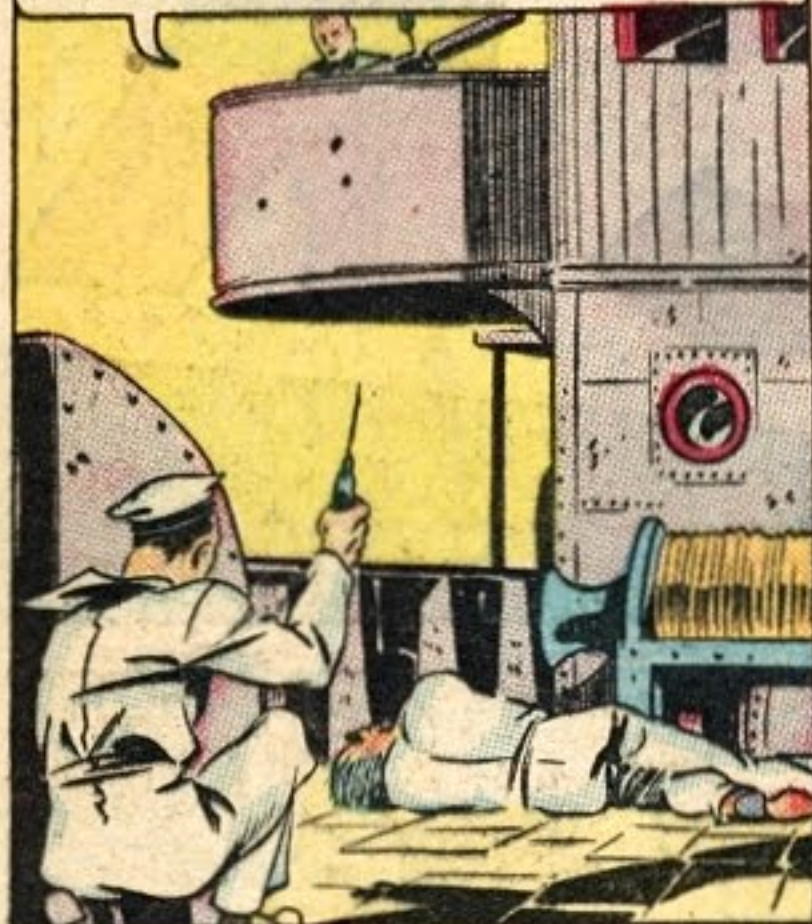


-- AND THE TRAWLER'S GERMAN CREW TURN PART OF THEIR GUNFIRE ON THE NEW ARRIVALS

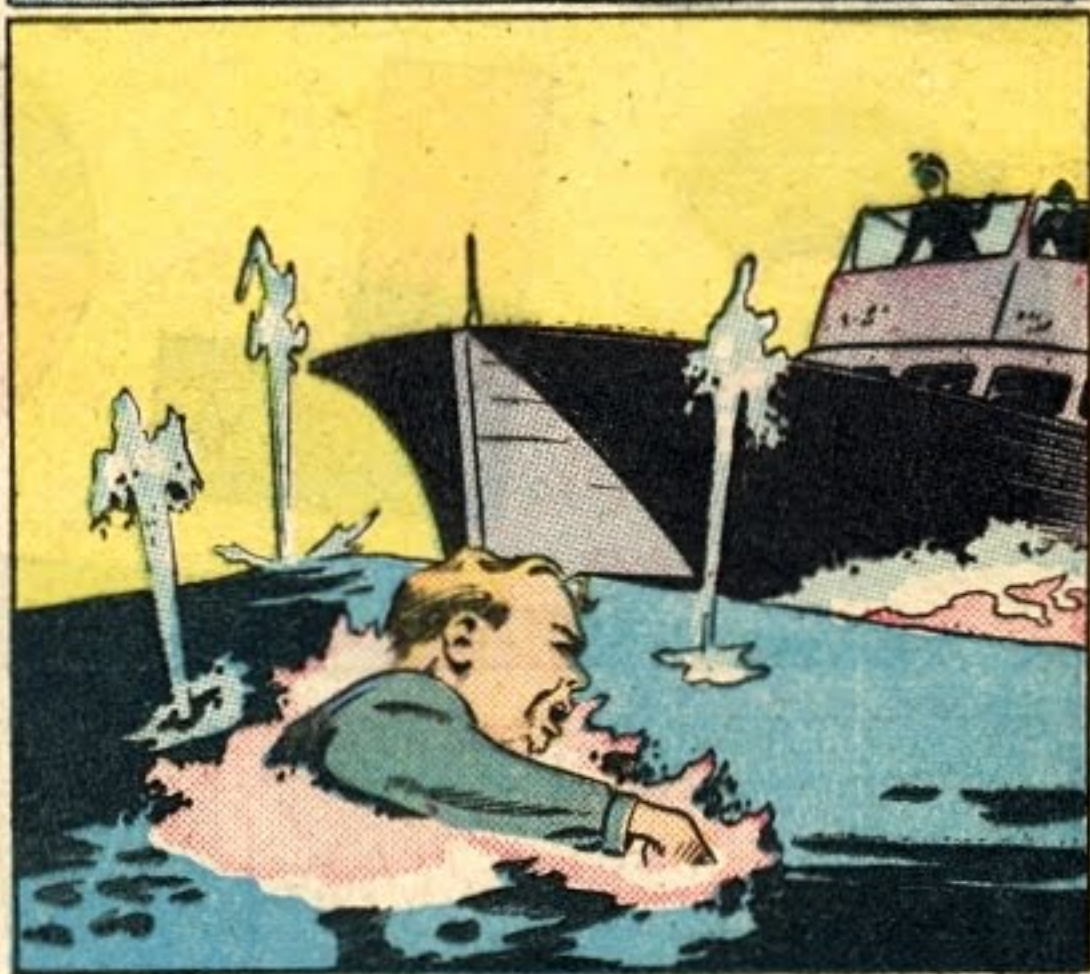




THIS BRIDGE ISN'T MUCH PROTECTION ANYMORE...! I'M GONNA HAVE TO LEAVE OR GET PICKED OFF--



SWIMMING DESPERATELY, TEX IS SOON PICKED UP BY ONE OF THE TORPEDO BOATS---



WHAT IS ALL THIS?

I WAS A PRISONER... THAT'S A NAZI BOAT!!



THEY'RE FIRING THEIR DECK GUN AT US NOW-- GUESS THEY DON'T INTEND TO SURRENDER-- TORPS-- FIRE NO.1 TORPEDO!!



YOU'VE DONE ENGLAND AN INVALUABLE SERVICE-- THAT TRAWLER'S INFORMATION WOULD'VE RAISED HAVOC WITH OUR CONVOYS! THEY'D HAVE BEEN BOMBED CONSTANTLY

JUST GET ME BACK TO LAND!! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH WATER FOR AWHILE





# THE CLOCK

by GEORGE E. BRENNER

FROM THE ELITE  
OF PARK AVENUE  
COMES A ONE-  
MAN WAR  
AGAINST CRIME-  
BRIAN O'BRIEN,  
PLAYBOY, WHO,  
FROM BEHIND  
A BLACK  
SILK MASK,  
DEALS OUT  
LETHAL JUSTICE...



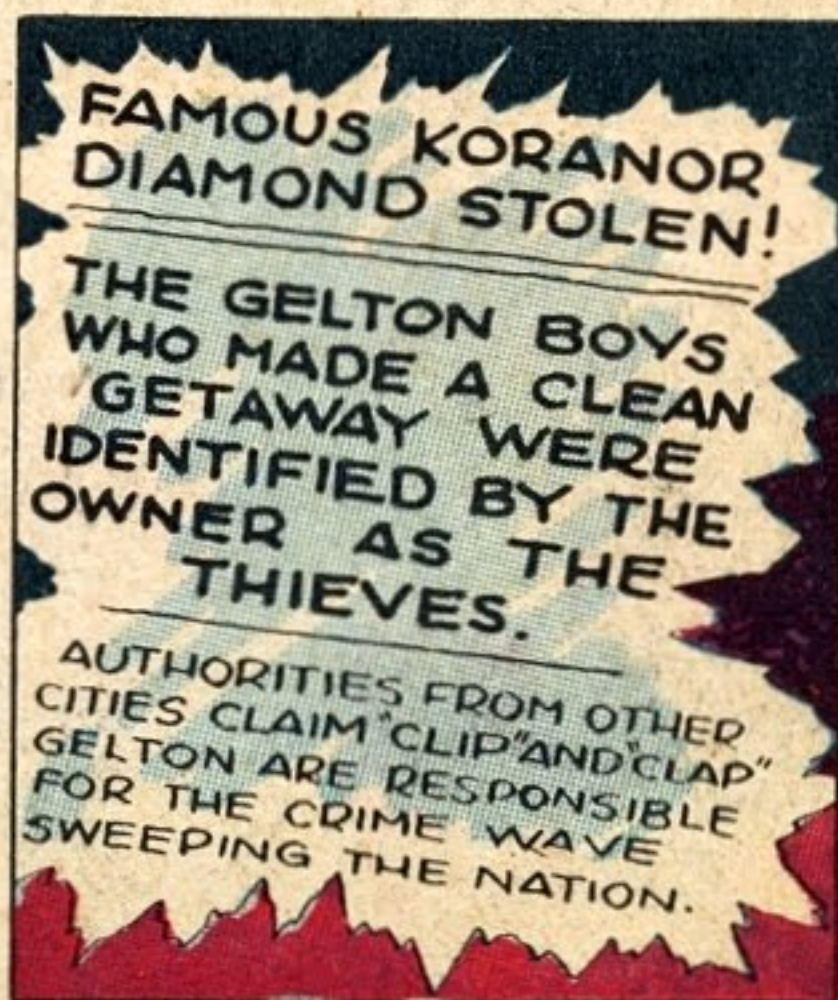
STARTING OUT LIKE A  
SMALL RIDDLE ON A QUIET  
LAKE, A PETTY CRIME IN A  
MID-WESTERN TOWN GROWS  
INTO A TIDAL WAVE OF  
CRIME THROUGHOUT THE  
COUNTRY-----  
IN CHICAGO--



IN BUFFALO-



IN BOSTON-





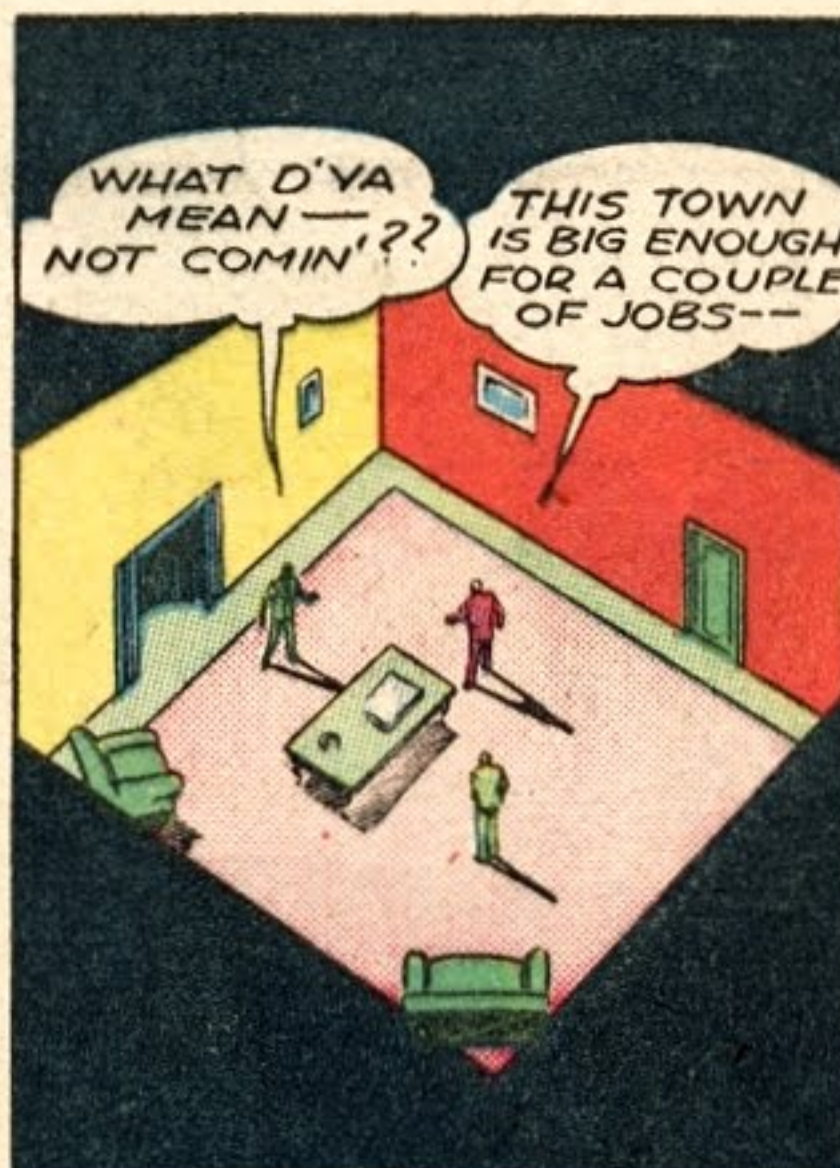
AND IN THIS METROPOLIS, THE CRIMES OF CLIP AND CLAP GELTON ARE THE TALK OF THE CITY---



AND A WEEK LATER, THE GELTON MOB IS READY TO STRIKE AGAIN---

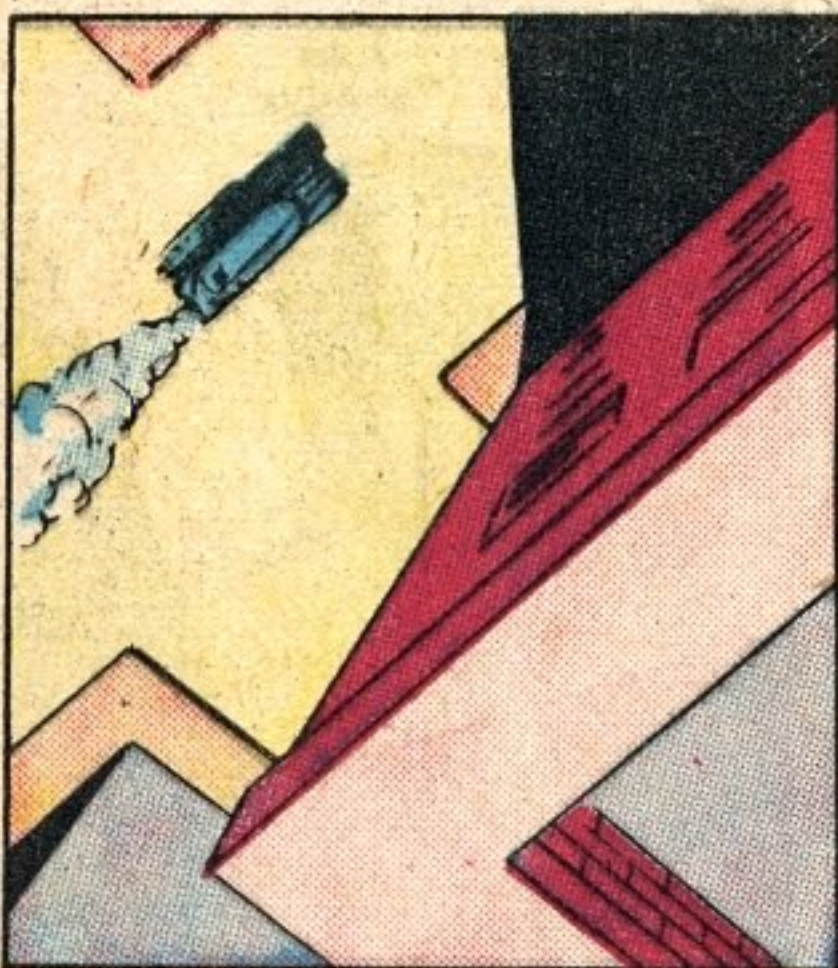








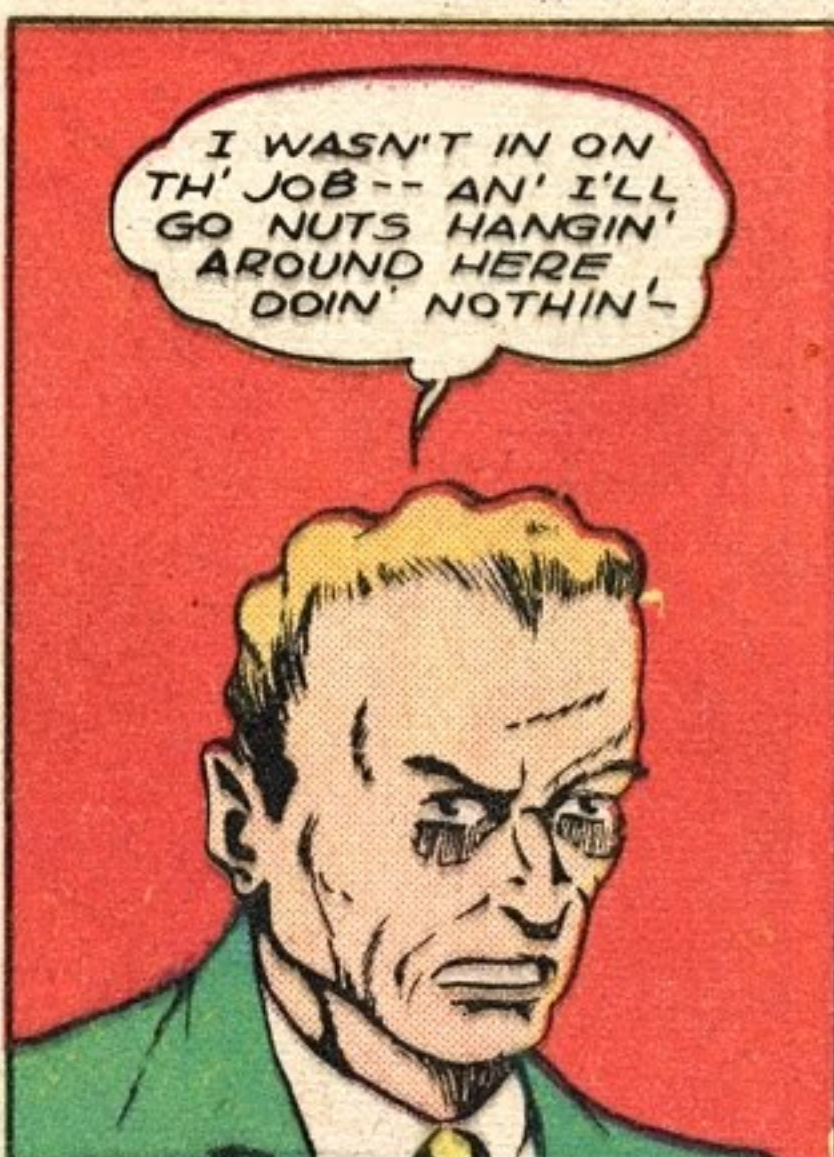
AND THEIR SPEEDING CAR  
LEAVES THE SCENE, TO BE LOST  
IN THE HEAVY TRAFFIC---



THAT EVENING THE PRESS  
TELLS THE STORY-



AND IN BELTON'S HIDE-OUT---



OUTSIDE CLAP HEADS FOR  
THE BRIGHT BELT SECTION-



AND AS CLAP APPROACHES  
THE MAIN STEM FROM A  
QUIET SIDE STREET--







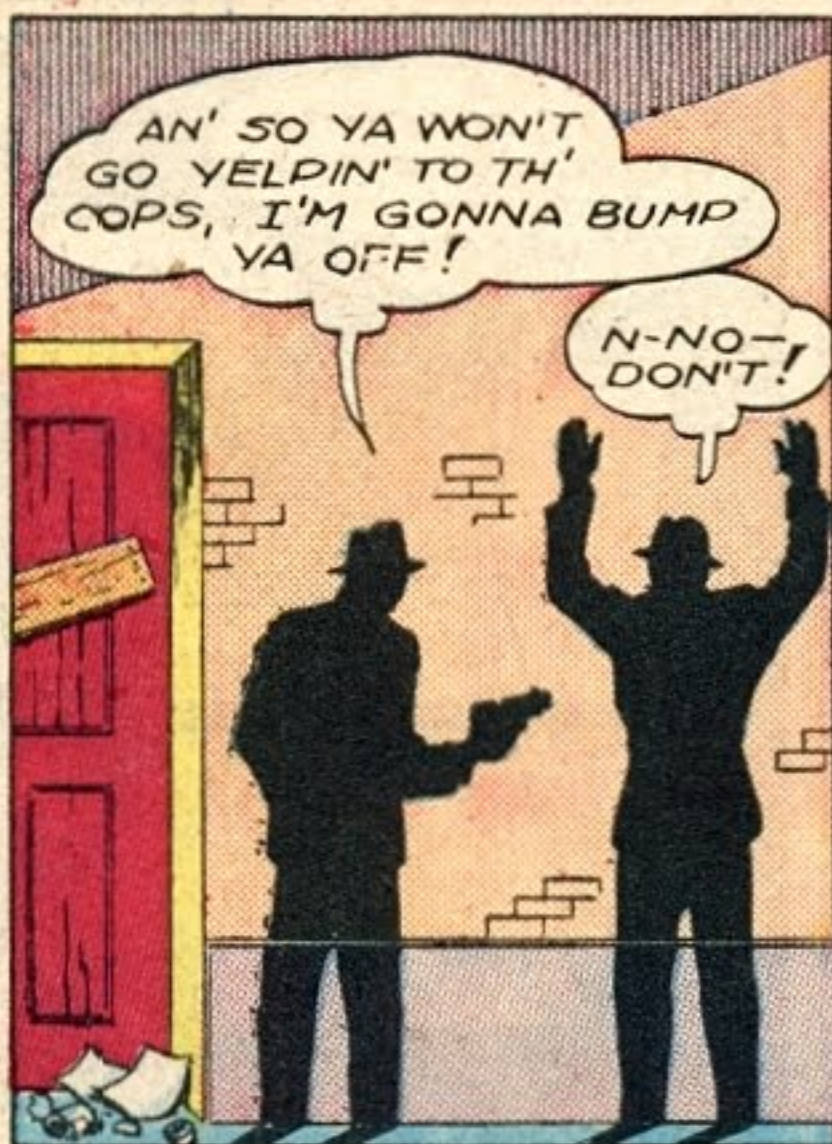
THIS IS A STICK-UP, MUG— HAND OVER THAT ROLL!



WHAT TH' ?— A HOLD-UP!!



SLIPPING ON HIS MASK, THE CLOCK IS READY FOR ACTION—



AN' SO YA WON'T GO YELPIN' TO TH' COPS, I'M GONNA BUMP YA OFF!

N-NO— DON'T!



HE WON'T!



TWO HOURS LATER, BACK IN GELTON'S HIDE-OUT.....



CLAP SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW, BOYS—

DON'T WORRY, HE'S OKAY—



SURE HE IS— CAN I TURN ON THE RADIO, CLIP?

YES—



FLASH-CLAP GELTON WAS CAUGHT BY THE CLOCK IN A PETTY HOLD-UP EARLY TO-NIGHT--TRYING TO ESCAPE, GELTON WAS SHOT AND KILLED AS HE TRIED TO JUMP THROUGH A WINDOW OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS--





CLAP-- MY KID BROTHER --- DEAD !!



THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO A GELTON - I'LL GET THAT CLOCK GUY AN' --- SPIKE! - C'MERE-

YES--



I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT- BUT **DO IT**-- GO OUT AN' LURE THAT CLOCK MUG BACK HERE SOMEHOW - AN' FAST!

M-M-M-ME??



YES AN' IF YOU FAIL, I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE -- GET GOIN'!!



AN HOUR LATER SPIKE RETURNS----

LEMME IN!

IT'S SPIKE-



SPIKE- WHAT HAPPENED?? - YOU FIND HIM--

NO, HE FOUND ME - AN' HE'S COMIN'--



BUT BE CAREFUL - TH' GUY AIN'T HUMAN - HE SHOWS NO MOICY--



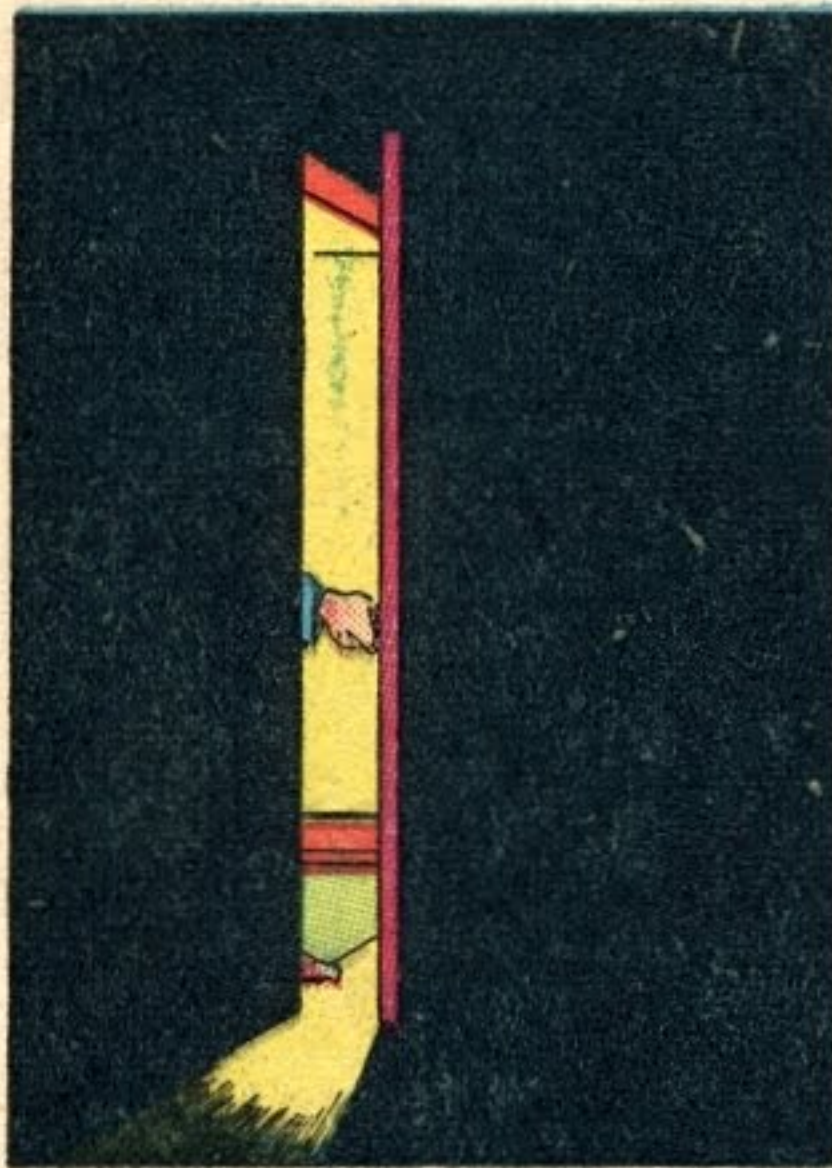
NEVERMIND THAT - ARE YA SURE HE KNOWS WHERE WE'RE AT??

HE OUGHTA - I LEFT A TRAIL OF ME OWN BLOOD BIG ENOUGH FOR A BLIND MAN TA FOLLOW--

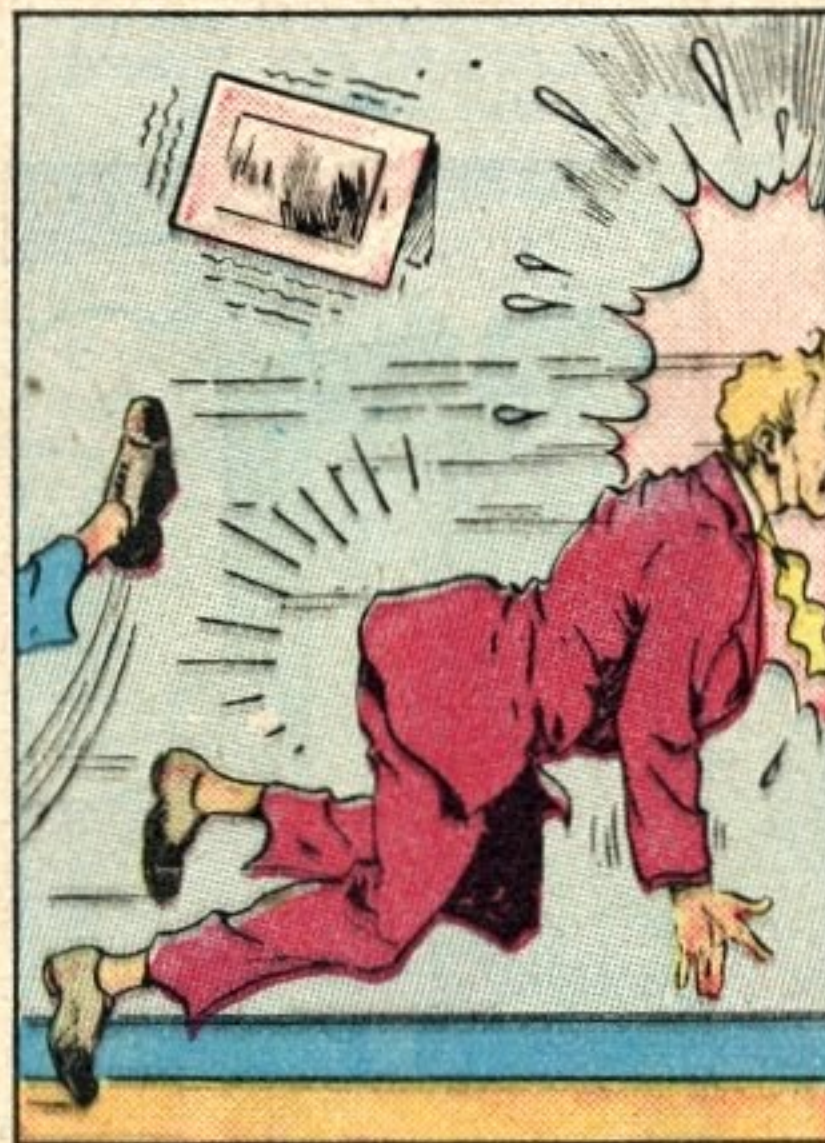


SH - I HEAR FOOTSTEPS, HE'S COMIN' - THAT'S IT, DOUSE TH' LIGHTS.....





SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO ON----



A FEW MINUTES LATER IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS-



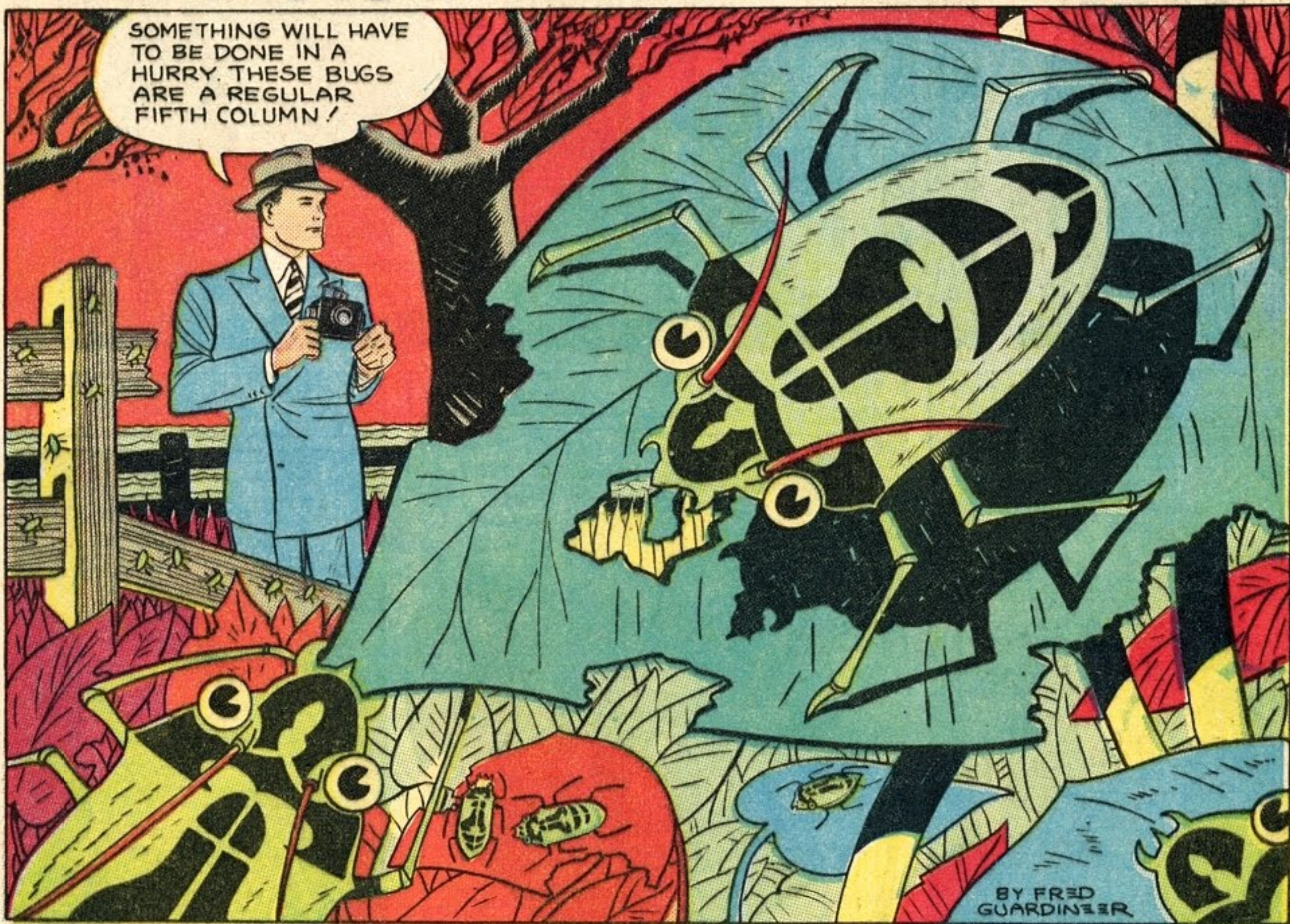


# TOR

## THE MAGIC MASTER

**S**TARVATION AND DEATH HOVER OVER A VALUABLE FARM COMMUNITY ON THE EASTERN SEABOARD, AS A SUDDEN HOARD OF INSECTS DEVOUR ALL THE FARM CROPS, VEGETABLES, AND EVEN THE TREES. "SHOOTING" THE DESOLATE SCENE IS PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER JIM SLADE, WHO IS SECRETLY TOR.

SOMETHING WILL HAVE TO BE DONE IN A HURRY. THESE BUGS ARE A REGULAR FIFTH COLUMN!



IN THEIR LABORATORIES SCIENTISTS FEVERISHLY TRY TO DEVELOP AN INSECTICIDE TO KILL THE PESTS.



THESE BUGS ARE UNLIKE AMERICAN INSECTS. THEY MUST HAVE BEEN DUMPED HERE... IT WILL TAKE TIME TO FIND A POISON TO KILL THEM!

BUT JIM SLADE DECIDES TO PUT HIS MAGICAL ABILITY TO THE TEST.

AS TOR PERHAPS I CAN DISCOVER SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE INSECTS!



DONNING HIS MOUSTACHE AND MAGICIAN'S GARB THE PHOTOGRAPHER BECOMES THE FAMOUS MAGICIAN!



WE'LL FIND IF THESE THINGS JUST GREW OR WERE BROUGHT OVER HERE!



LL'I WON  
EMOCEB ENO HCNI  
HGIH!



AT THE SOUND OF HIS MAGIC  
WORDS TOR BECOMES ONE INCH HIGH!



AH! A PIN-THIS'LL  
MAKE A FINE SPEAR  
FOR INSECT  
HUNTING!

TINY TOR NEXT EXAMINES A  
DROOPING CARROT!



A BUG  
TUNNELED ITS WAY  
INTO IT!

DOWN INTO THE HEART OF  
THE CARROT TOR CLIMBS  
IN SEARCH OF HIS QUARRY..



NO WONDER ALL THE  
VEGETABLES ARE  
ROTTING AND  
DYING!

TOR COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE  
HUNGRY INSECT!



-ULP! I ALMOST  
FORGOT I WAS SO  
SMALL!

IMMEDIATELY THE BEETLE-  
LIKE BUG ATTACKS !!



THE MAGICIAN DEFENDS  
HIMSELF WITH THE SHARP  
POINTED PIN!



NEARLY  
GOT ME  
THEN!

AH!  
THAT DOES  
IT!



DRAWING HIS DEAD OP-  
PONENT TOR CLIMBS OUT  
OF THE CARROT...



NOW  
FOR SOME  
CLUES!



HE EXAMINES THE INSECT.

HMM - FINE GRAINS OF SAND. THIS BUG CRAWLED TO THE FARM FROM THE SEASHORE!



RESUMING HIS NORMAL SIZE TOR SEARCHES ALONG THE SEASHORE

HOW COULD THEY BE DUMPED ON SHORE WITHOUT BEING SEEN?



FROM A HIGH HILL THE MAGICIAN SEES THE WAKE OF A TORPEDO SPEEDING TOWARD SHORE.

WHAT TH-!



SILENTLY THE GLISTENING TUBE GLIDES UP ON THE SAND.



UPON TOUCHING THE GROUND THE FRONT OF THE TORPEDO OPENS AND MILLIONS OF INSECTS POUR OUT!



QUICKLY TOR GESTURES!

SLUGAES OT EHT EUCSER!



AT THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS APPEAR!

LOOK AT THOSE BUGS! WHAT A DINNER TOR HAS FOR US!



SOON EVERY LAST BUG IS GOBBLED UP BY THE HUNGRY BIRDS!

THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT BATCH!



AS TOR TRIES TO PICK UP THE TORPEDO IT DISINTEGRATES IN THE WATER!

HUH! MADE OF GELATIN AND MELTS IN THE WATER WITHOUT A TRACE!



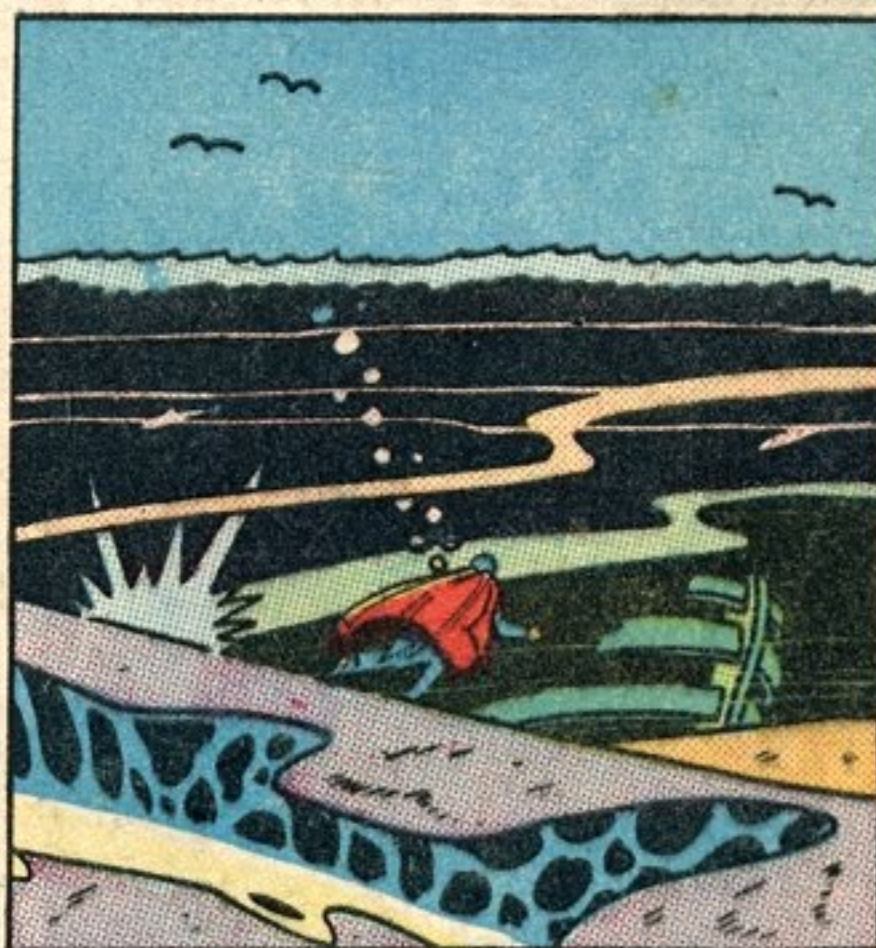


UNDAUNTED, THE MAGICIAN  
WALKS INTO THE SEA!

HTAERB, TEL EM  
DLOH UOY ROF NA  
RUOH!



GIVING HIMSELF POWER TO  
HOLD HIS BREATH FOR AN  
HOUR HE CONTINUES DOWN  
THE SLOPING OCEAN FLOOR...



AND COMES UPON A NAZI  
SUBMARINE SUBMERGED ON  
THE SAND JUST OFF SHORE!

PROBABLY WAITING  
FOR NIGHT-FALL  
BEFORE SNEAKING  
AWAY!



SINCE I STARTED OUT BEING  
ONE INCH HIGH I'LL NOW BECOME  
ENO ELIM LLAT!



SHOOTING UP OUT  
OF THE SEA TOR  
BECOMES ONE  
MILE TALL!



THIS SUBMARINE'LL  
BE EASY TO DEAL  
WITH NOW!



A  
PRETTY  
TOY!



THE MAGICIAN DEPOSITS THE  
U-BOAT HIGH AND DRY ON SHORE.









# DON "Q"

BY  
VERNON  
HENKEL

ACROSS EUROPE'S BLAZING  
COUNTRIES GOES DON "Q"...  
DASHING MAN OF  
MYSTERY, AND OF THE  
DIPLOMATIC SERVICE... A  
MODERN MUSKETEER IN  
SEARCH OF HIGH ROMANCE..  
WITH A FLARE FOR ANY  
ADVENTURE.....



SOMEWHERE IN LISBON, THE CITY  
OF SPIES, AN OLD INVENTOR REACHES  
THE CLIMAX OF HIS STUDIES..

AT LAST!  
I'VE GOT IT...  
THE SUBSTITUTE  
FOR OIL !!!



I HAVE DISCOVERED HOW  
TO MAKE OIL OUT OF COMMON  
PRODUCTS! HEH-HEH, WITH  
EUROPE BLOCKADED AND  
IN NEED OF OIL TO RUN  
THE WAR, I SHALL BECOME  
RICH!



YES, GENTLEMEN.. HEH..  
BUT FIRST WHAT ARE  
YOU WILLING TO PAY FOR  
IT?? I AM SELLING TO  
THE HIGHEST BIDDER  
YOU KNOW!



SOON THROUGH A GLIB TONGUE THE  
NEWS SPREADS TO THE "RIGHT" PEOPLE  
AND SECRET MEETINGS ARE ARRANGED.



HAVE YOU  
BROUGHT  
YOUR FORMULA  
WITH YOU,  
PROFESSOR  
RUDOLPH?

MY COUNTRY NEEDS YOUR  
OIL FORMULA, PROFESSOR..  
THERE IS NO HIGHER BIDDER..  
DO YOU THINK IT WILL  
WORK, MAX?



GAAA



LONDON... THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE LEARNS OF PROFESSOR RUDOLPH'S INVENTION...



BUT DON'T FEAR, THE MOST ABLE MAN IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE IS FLYING TO LISBON TO BUY THAT FORMULA.. DON Q..



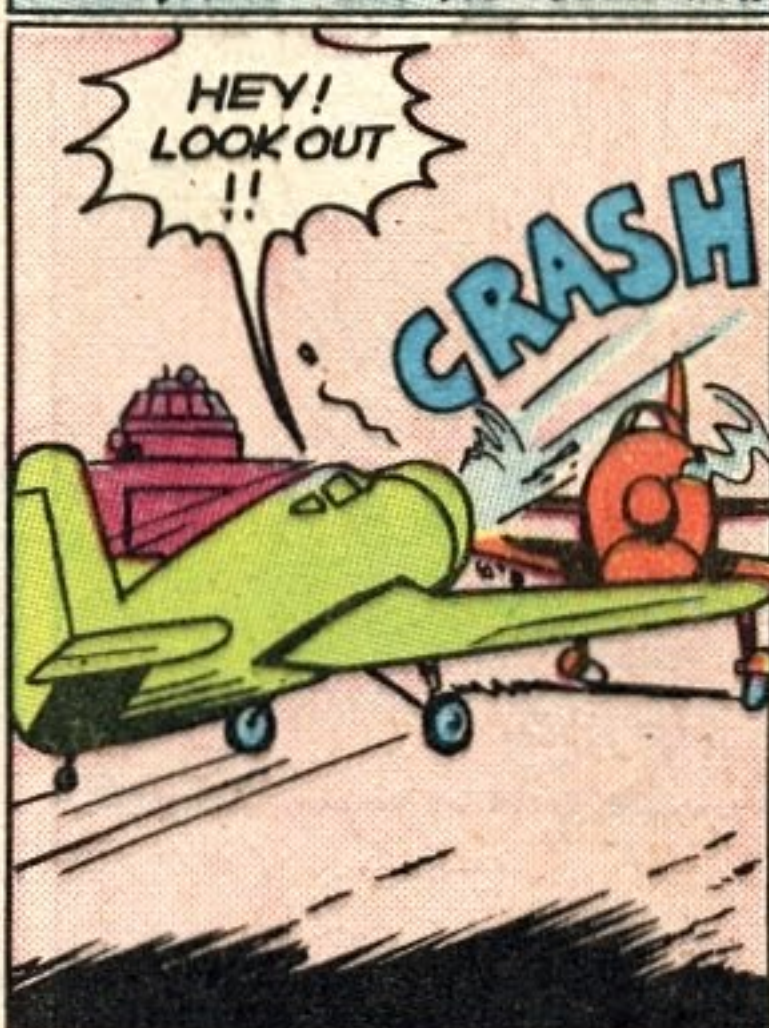
AND HE WINGS SOUTHWARD OVER THE ATLANTIC IN HIS PRIVATE PLANE..



MY GOAL!! LISBON AIRPORT! NOW TO GET TO THIS ADDRESS AND MEET RUDOLPH!



BUT AS HE TAXIS ACROSS THE FIELD, FATE PLAYS A STRANGE HAND



WRECK OUR PLANE, EH? I OUGHT TO..

WHY YOU NIT-WITS! I HAD THE INCOMING SIGNAL.. YOU HAD NO BUSINESS TO BE TAKING OFF!!



SLUG HIM, MAX!

OH! SO YOU WANT A FIGHT?

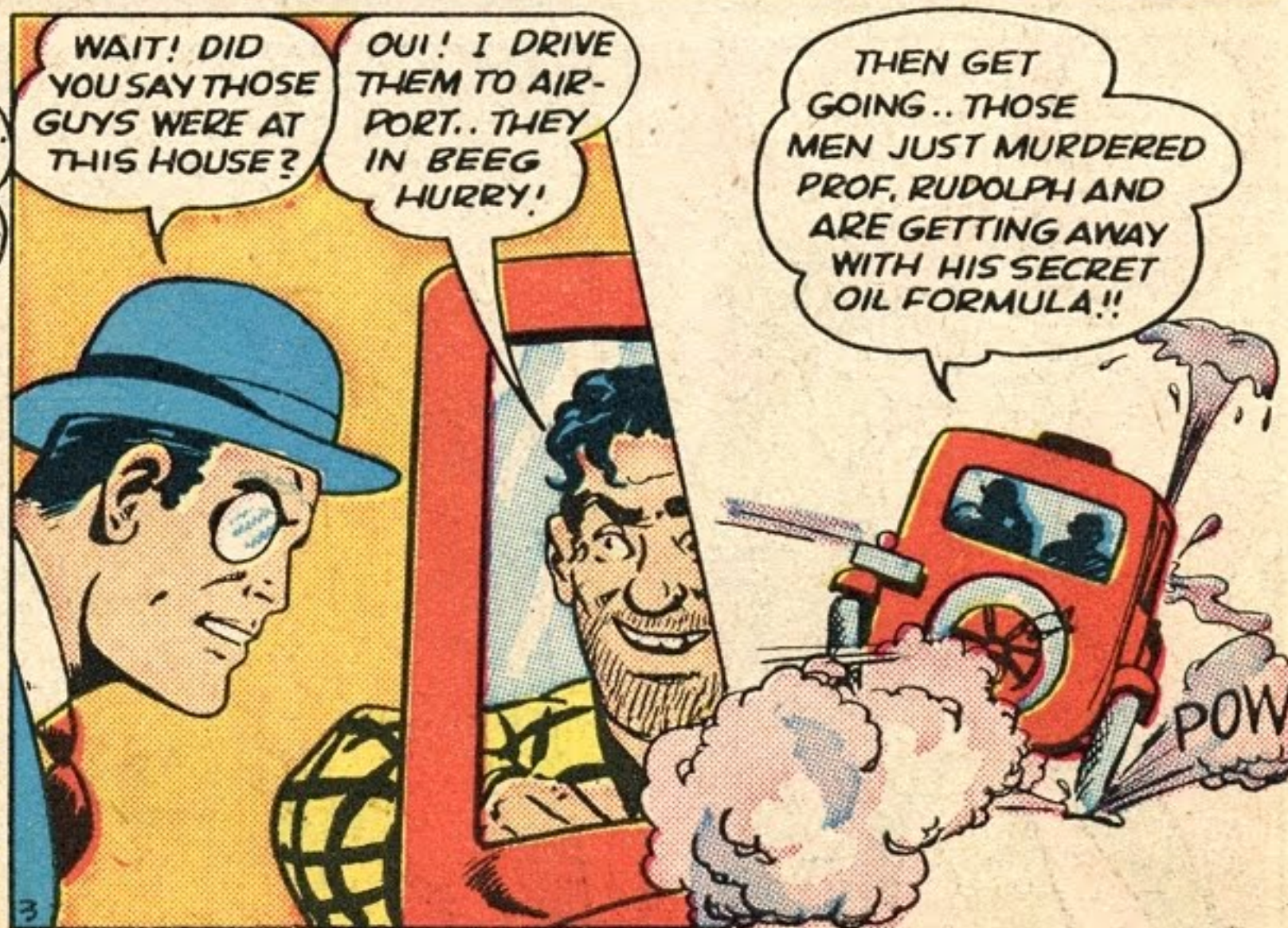


O.K., YOU MEDDLING FOOL.. HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS!

GUN.. EH?













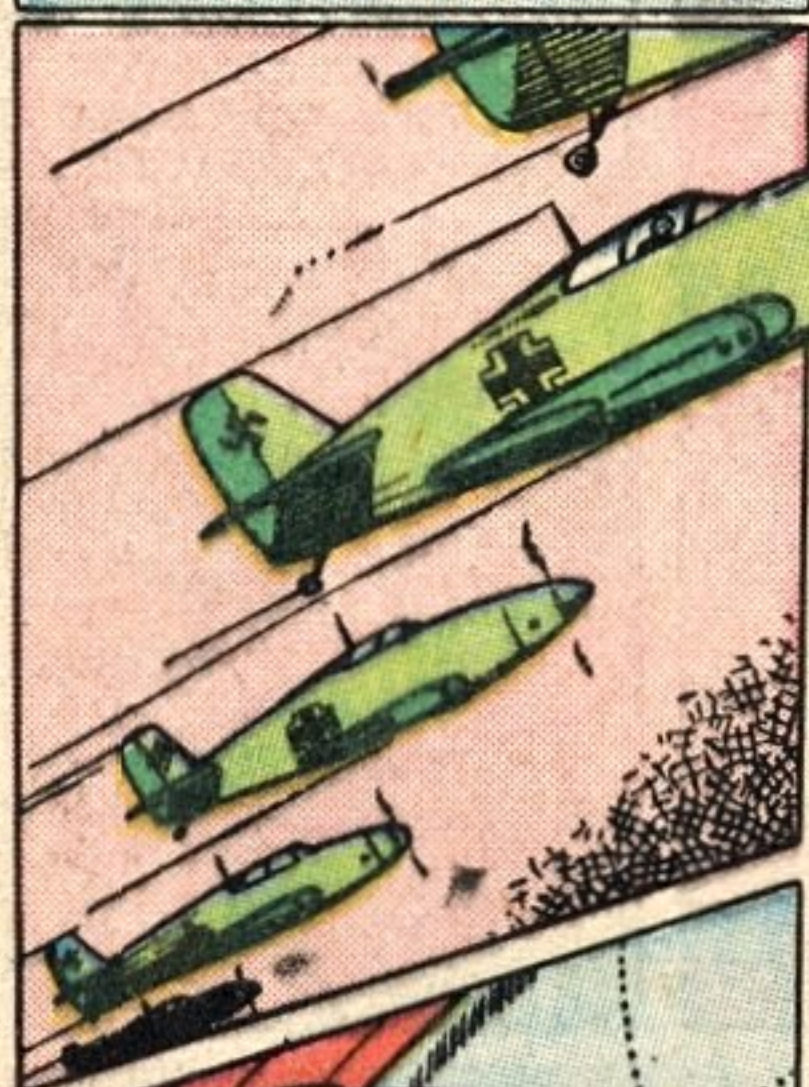


I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU I DON'T LIKE GUNS!

THE SPY SUDDENLY GRASPS THE RADIO..



..AND UP FROM OCCUPIED FRANCE COMES A SCORE OF PURSUIT SHIPS



STOP OR I WILL ORDER THEM TO SHOOT US DOWN!!



REALIZING THAT THE PASSENGERS ARE IN DANGER DON Q PAUSES...

AGENT Z-10 SEIZES THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SLIP ON A PARACHUTE

GOODBYE! WHEN I LAND, THE OIL FORMULA WILL BELONG TO MY COUNTRY.. AND YOU WILL BE SHOT DOWN BY THOSE PLANES!!



MEANWHILE LIL' PIERRE ISN'T DOING SO GOOD WITH HIS 'FIRST' FLYING LESSON..



..AND AS THE BATTLE PLANES COME IN FOR THE KILL..



RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT





DON Q BAILS OUT AFTER Z-10



BUT AS HE LANDS SOLDIERS SURROUND HIM..



EET IS DON Q.. I WEEL HAVE TO TRY TO LAND AND PEEK HEEM OOP!



LATER.. BACK IN LONDON





**MADAM**

# FATAL

AND THE LEAGUE OF  
HUNTED MEN

NOT EVEN TUBBY WHITE, NEW-FOUND FRIEND OF THE OLD LADY KNOWN AS MADAM FATAL, KNOWS THAT "SHE" IS A DISGUISE FOR RICHARD STANTON, FORMER ACTOR WHO SECRETLY OPPOSED THOSE OUTSIDE THE LAW...

IT IS EVENING AS RICHARD STANTON BUYS A PAPER...

SO YOU'RE TAKING SCRAPPY NELSON'S PLACE, EH?

YEAH, MR. STANTON—IT'S BEEN A WEEK SINCE HE DISAPPEARED!

HMM... CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

GREAT SCOTT! ANOTHER CRIME WAVE...







HAVING HAD ENOUGH THE THUGS TAKE QUICK LEAVE....



AT HOME STANTON DONS HIS DISGUISE OF THE FEARED MADAM FATAL....





THEY FIGHT FURIOUSLY BUT THE GODS ARE TOO GREAT.....



IN THE MAD SCRAMBLE MADAM FATAL DISAPPEARS INTO THE SHADOWS.....



WHAT TH-!! TH' OLD LADY'S GONE - LOOK HIGH AND LOW! BOYS - SHE MIGHT TIP OFF THE COPS!!

LET'S GET GOING - MOVE ALONG FAT BOY!



HA-HA! THEY'RE LOOSEN' LOW BUT NOT HIGH!



GET IN THERE - WE'LL TEND TO YOU LATER!

TUBBY-



SCRAPPY! GOSH-TH' WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD'S BEEN LOOSEN' FOR YA - WHAT'S COOKIN'?

IT'S MY STEP-UNCLE MYCROFT, AND HIS LEAGUE OF HUNTED MEN! THEY'RE ALL ESCAPED CONVICTS AND THIS IS THEIR HIDEOUT!!



BUT UNCLE MYCROFT SAYS AT TWELVE TONIGHT HE'S GOIN' TO LET ME GO - SO THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT - SEE?

LET YA GO? THEN WHY'S HE GOT YA DOWN HERE? HE'S UP TO SOMETHIN' - I CAN FEEL IT! WE'VE GOTTA BE UP THERE AT TWELVE AND SEE WHAT IT IS... BUT FIRST - LISTEN-



WE GOT ORDERS TO COOK THESE TWO AT THE SIDINGS O' TWELVE... WHAT TH! THEY'RE GONE!!

IT CAN'T BE-



UGH-!

I'LL GET IM-



AS THE THUG RUSHES AT SCRAPPY, A HUGE FORM LEAPS AT HIM...



THE TWO BOYS LEAD FOR THE FIRST THUG....



MEANWHILE MADAM FATAL MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ENTER DOOR MANSION....



WHEN! BETTER NOT-LOOK DOWN... HEAD VOICES IN THERE!



IT'S ALMOST TWELVE, LAWYER SNEAD- I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU SCRAPPY NELSON'S DISAPPEARED AND HADN'T BEEN HEARD FROM!



I GUESS YOU WERE RIGHT, MR. LEECH- AS THE NEAREST RELATIVE TO THE LATE OWNED OF DOOM MANSION I'M GOING TO TURN OVER HIS FORTUNE AND ESTATE TO YOU AT EXACTLY TWELVE--

SUDDENLY THERE IS A VOICE FROM THE OPEN BALCONY....

HE'S LYING--SCRAPPY NELSON IS IN THIS ROOM-- NOW --



WHAT TH-! AN OLD LADY....

BLAST YA ALL- HEY BOYS!!

HERE I AM--

SCRAPPY



AT LEECH'S CALL, HARDENED THUGS POUR INTO THE ROOM...



WE'LL GET RID O' THEM BOSS!

GRAB TH' OLD LADY--

MADAM FATAL GOES INTO ACTION...





A THUG GOES FOR HIS GUN...



AS THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE THE BATTLE GOES ON...



A CRASHING BLOW KNOCKS OUT THE LAST THUG...



MYCROFT LEECH KNOWS HIS GAME IS UP...



WITH A FLYING LEAP LEECH DIVES FROM THE BALCONY...



HE'S DISAPPEARED... WE'LL FIND OUT LATER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM—IN THE MEANTIME WE'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE AND TELL THEM THE LEAGUE OF HUNTED MEN HAVE BEEN FOUND!



BELOW, A FIGURE DROPS FROM THE TREE AND SLINKS AWAY...



AND WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING WITH YOUR NEW FORTUNE, SCRAPPY?

I'M GOIN' TO JOIN UP WITH YOU TWO AND HELD FIGHT CRIME, MADAM FATAL—THAT'S IF YOU'LL LET ME—HEH?





# ALIAS the SPIDER

HE HUNTS THE BIGGEST OF ALL GAME-CRIMINALS  
BEYOND THE FAR-REACHING ARM OF THE LAW..



"TO ALL MY  
HEIRS, SAVE ONE,  
I LEAVE MY GHOST  
.. THAT THEY MAY  
BE TORMENTED  
BY IT AS THEY HAVE  
ME, BEFORE MY DAY  
OF JUDGEMENT!"

CANDLEWOOD CASTLE, TRANS-  
PLANTED FROM ENGLAND  
LOOMS EERILY ACROSS A  
MOOR-LIKE SWAMP, COVERED  
BY A GREEN HOVERING  
MIST, WEATHER-BEATEN, AND  
IN THE DUST OF PAST  
UNOCCUPIED YEARS, THE CASTLE  
SPELLS DARK HORROR...  
FOR DEATH'S ICY HAND  
RULES, AS IT HAS FOR  
PAST DECADES....

ONCE AGAIN A  
FLICKERING LIGHT  
IN THE GREAT LIBRARY  
CASTS WAVERING SHADOWS  
OF A GROUP OF HEIRS, BROUGHT  
TOGETHER 15 YEARS AFTER THE  
DEATH OF THE LAST OWNER...



HE CAN'T DO  
THIS TO US - WE'LL  
BE PAUPERS!





"TO A GIRL-NOW BUT A CHILD, KIND AND UNDERSTANDING, I LEAVE ALL MY WORLDLY POSSESSIONS"

GOOD FOR GRANDPA! I WONDER WHO HIS HEIR IS?

HER NAME— AND BLESS HER HEART IS---

BEFORE THE LAWYER CAN GIVE THE NAME OF THE HEIR, THE LIGHTS GO OUT... AND A GHASTLY SCREAM FILLS THE ROOM!

THEN... THE HAND OF A SKELETON STRIKES A MATCH....



AND NONE OF YOU WILL LEAVE HERE ALIVE!

HEH.. HEH.. HEH!! NO ONE SHALL KNOW THE HEIR!!



OH, YEAH..? LIGHT A CANDLE SOMEBODY!



TOO BAD WE ALL HAVE TO DIE— EXCEPT ME! I'VE A GUN... AND I'M USING IT TO PROTECT MYSELF AND NO ONE ELSE...!! GET ME?

THE SKELETON'S GONE!!

YES— THE OLD GUY'S LAWYER SURE IS DONE FOR!!



AND HE'S ONLY THE FIRST OF US!





THE GLITTERING, RAZOR-SHARP KNIFE STREAKS UPWARD... THEN STOPS AS THE SKELETON'S HEAD TURNS TOWARD THE WINDOW!



AS QUICK AS A FLASH IT CLOSES THE PANEL... BARELY A SECOND BEFORE A BLAZING OBJECT RIPS INTO THE OLD OAK...



THE SEAL OF THE SPIDER!!

THE SPIDER! MAYBE NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S AT THE BOTTOM OF THESE GHASTLY MURDERS OF OUR FAMILY THROUGH GENERATIONS! THE SPIDER HASN'T HUNTED GHOSTS BEFORE--AND I'M SURE HE ISN'T HUNTING A GHOST NOW!!



IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT- I SHOULD BE ABLE TO PROVE IT FROM UP HERE!

MEANWHILE, THE SPIDER CLIMBS TO THE ROOF OF THE STately MANSION



THERE IT IS--A LIGHT MOVING UNDER THE FLAGSTONE WALK TOWARD THE FAMILY MAUSOLEUM!



I THOUGHT THERE WAS A SECRET TUNNEL UNDER THERE--IT SOUNDED HOLLOW AS I RAN ACROSS IT!



IF I HURRY I MAY BE ABLE TO BEAT "RATTLE-BONES" TO THE TOMB!



OH..OH.. I DIDN'T GET HERE ANY TOO SOON.. A TRAP-DOOR IS OPENING IN THE FLOOR!



LET THAT FOOL SPIDER LOOK FOR ME IN THE HOUSE...HEH.. HEH.. HEH.. SECRET PASSAGES ARE QUITE HANDY!







NOW TO FIND OUT WHO  
THE HEIR IS FROM THE  
WILL THEY THOUGHT  
I BURNED! ELAINE  
MARTIN—THE FIRST  
TO DO AWAY WITH



THAT'S VERY  
INTERESTING!



NO KNIFE  
THROWING AT  
ME, BUD!



NOW BACK  
AGAINST THAT  
WALL!!



HEH-  
HEH-  
HEH!!

AS THE SKELETON REACHES  
THE WALL, IT SUDDENLY  
DIVES FOR A SECRET LEVER..



.. AND A STEEL PARTITION  
DROPS IN FRONT OF THE  
SPIDER—

WHAT  
TH'?



HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE FOR  
YOU, MY CLEVER FRIEND! NOW  
TRY TO STOP  
MY PLANS!!

GAS-  
POISON GAS!



JUMPING CATFISH—  
THIS LOOKS LIKE MY  
FINISH! NO—WAIT—  
THE ROOF HERE IS  
MADE OF WOOD!



C'MON,  
BABY,  
START BURNING  
BEFORE THIS  
GAS SMOTHERS  
YOU!



THE DRY ROOF SOON  
IGNITES AND BLAZES  
FORTH WITH TERRIFIC  
SPEED....



IT WORKED!  
NOW TO GET  
AFTER  
THAT  
KILLER!



AS THE SPIDER DASHES THROUGH  
THE TUNNEL FROM THE MAUSOLEUM  
TO THE CASTLE, A LIGHT FLASHES  
AHEAD OF HIM....



M...MMM...



..HE SEES  
THE SKELETON  
DRAGGING  
ELAINE  
MARTIN  
THROUGH  
A  
SECRET  
PANEL!

HOLY SMOKES..  
IT'S GOT THE  
GIRL!!



GONE! ?? WHAT'S THIS?  
TRACES OF PHOSPHOROUS PAINT!  
THE GIRL MUST BE STILL ALIVE  
AND STRUGGLING... PUSHING  
THE SKELETON UP AGAINST  
THE WALLS!



FOLLOWING THE SMALL TRAILS  
OF PHOSPHOROUS PAINT, THE  
SPIDER IS LED INTO THE SUB-  
CELLARS OF THE CASTLE..



YOUR SPUNK SEEMS  
TO HAVE LEFT YOU! LOOK  
BELOW- AN UNDERGROUND  
RIVER! IT WILL CARRY YOU INTO  
THE SWAMPS AND BRING YOU  
UP JUST BELOW A BROKEN  
RAIL ON THE BRIDGE-"YOU  
FELL IN AND DROWNED!"



NO-NO- YOU'RE PUSHING  
ME TOWARD THE PIT!







THE SPIDER!



AS THE SKELETON TURNS THE SPIDER STRIKES WITH DYNAMIC POWER BEHIND HIS LUNGE....



NO YOU DON'T!



IN THE TERRIFIC STRUGGLE THE FIGURE DRESSED AS A SKELETON LOSES HIS BALANCE AND FALLS INTO THE PIT..



GRANDPA MARTIN! THEN HE WASN'T DEAD ALL THESE YEARS!

YOU'RE WRONG! HE ONLY LOOKS LIKE YOUR DEAD GRANDFATHER!



FIVE GENERATIONS AGO, LORD ASHLEY MARTIN HAD A TWIN WHOSE MIND WASN'T NORMAL! TO HIDE THE SECRET, THIS TWIN WAS DECLARED DEAD, BUT WAS KEPT IN THESE SECRET ROOMS. UNKNOWN TO THE FAMILY, THIS TWIN ESCAPED AND SORE REVENGE!



AS A NEW GENERATION WAS BORN INTO THE MARTIN FAMILY, THIS TWIN'S OFFSPRING KILLED THE OLD.. RIGHT DOWN THE LINE UNTIL NOW.. THE ONE THAT TRIED TO MURDER YOU WANTED MORE THAN REVENGE.. HE WANTED CANDLEWOOD, AND DECIDED TO KILL OFF THE ENTIRE FAMILY!!!



HOW HORRIBLE

YES-BUT IT'S ALL OVER! YOU'LL FIND THE WILL YOU THOUGHT WAS BURNED IN THE MAUSOLEUM.. IT NAMES YOU AS THE HEIR TO CANDLEWOOD!!